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WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Life is not dark nor dreary now,
Since thy sweet love lies o'er my way,
And I forget beneath its glow
Where all life's lingering shadows stray;
And thought on thought goes after thee,
And hopes and dreams I give thee all,
As one by one—sure—silently—
The Summer's lying rose-leaves fall.

And thou hast made a summer-time
Of endless bloom within my heart;
I cannot woe in simple rhyme
The joy my worship doth impart.
Oh! the dear hopes, all rainbow-hued,
Have stilled my life's unrest and pain;
My waking hours are all bedewed
With dreams that we shall meet again!

Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

SIXTH—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

FEW men have passed so large a portion of life in active public employment as the sixth President of the United States. For more than threescore years, he was in the service of his country, serving her in many capacities, from Secretary of Legation at the early age of sixteen, to chief magistrate of the Union.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, on the 11th of July, 1767. His father was the patriot John Adams, of whom Jefferson said, "He was the great pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the house." His mother was the daughter of the Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth, a woman of great beauty and uncommon mental and moral endowments, in whose breast the fire of freedom burned as brightly as in that of her illustrious spouse.

As his father was absent from home on public affairs the child's education devolved principally on his mother, one every way fitted for her important position. Every day, after saying his prayers, he was required to repeat the noble lines of Collins, commencing—

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,

and the ode by the same author on the death of Colonel Charles Ross. It was truly said of him by Senator Davis, that "the cradle hymns of the child were the songs of liberty."

Perhaps there never transpired a happier combination of circumstances, to develop true genius, than fell to the lot of young Adams. To say nothing of his parentage, he was born at a period of great mental, political activity, and amidst scenes whose vibrations filled the whole earth with trembling. His childhood passed amidst the smoke and blood of our revolution, and his position placed him in conjunction with those great patriots and statesmen who were the unshrinking advocates and champions of American liberty.

In February, 1778, in his eleventh year, he accompanied his father on his mission to France. He was placed at school in Paris, where he remained until his return with his father after the conclusion of the treaty with America in 1779. "He is respected," writes his father the same year, "wherever he goes for his vigor and vivacity both of mind and body, for his constant good humor, and for his rapid progress in French, as well as for his general knowledge, which at his age is uncommon."

In 1781 he was made private secretary to the Hon. Francis Dana, Minister to Russia. He remained at the embassy until October, 1782, when after a short tour he joined his father in Holland, in April, 1783. After the signature of the treaty of peace at Paris in

the following September, he accompanied his father to England. In 1785 he returned home with a letter from his father to Benjamin Waterhouse, in which the son's acquirements are spoken of with a just pride:—

TO BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

Auteuil, 24 April, 1785.

This letter will be delivered you by your old acquaintance John Quincy Adams, whom I beg leave to recommend to your attention and favor. He is anxious to study some time at your university before he begins the study of the law, which appears at present to be the profession of his choice. He must undergo an examination, in which I suspect he will not appear exactly what he is.

In truth, there are few who take their degrees at college, who have so much knowledge. But his studies having been pursued by himself, on his travels, without any steady tutor, he will be found awkward in speaking Latin, in prosody, in parsing, and even, perhaps, in that accuracy of pronunciation in reading orations or poems in that language, which is often chiefly attended to in such examinations. It seems to be necessary, therefore, that I make this apology for him to you, and request you to communicate it in confidence to the gentlemen who are to examine him, and such others as you think prudent. If you were to examine him in English and French poetry, I know not where you would find anybody his superior; in Roman and English history, few persons of his age. It is rare to find a youth possessed of so much knowledge. He has translated Virgil's *Aeneid*, Suetonius, the whole of Sallust, Tacitus's *Agriicola*, *de Germania*, several books of his *Annals*, a great part of Horace, some of Ovid, and some of Caesar's *Commentaries*, in writing, besides a number of Tully's orations. These he may show you; and although you will find the translations in many places inaccurate in point of style, as must be expected at his age, you will see abundant proof that it is impossible to make those translations without understanding his authors and their language very well.

In Greek his progress has not been equal; yet he has studied morsels in Aristotle's *Poetics*, in Plutarch's *Lives*, and Lucian's *Dialogues*, the choice of Hercules, in Xenophon, and lately he has gone through several books in Homer's *Iliad*.

In mathematics I hope he will pass muster. In the course of the last year, instead of playing cards like the fashionable world, I have spent my evenings with him. We went with some accuracy through the geometry in the *Preceptor*, the eight books of Simpson's *Euclid* in Latin, and compared it, problem by problem, and theorem by theorem, with the *pere de Chales* in French; went through plane trigonometry and plane sailing, Fenning's *Algebra*, and the decimal fractions, arithmetical and geometrical proportions, and the conic sections, in Ward's *Mathematics*. I then attempted a sublime flight, and endeavored to give him some idea of the differential method of calculation of the Marquis de L'Hopital, and the method of fluxions and infinite series of Sir Isaac Newton; but alas! it is thirty

years since I thought of mathematics, and I found I had lost the little I once knew, especially of these higher branches of geometry, so that he is as yet but a smatterer, like his father. However, he has a foundation laid, which will enable him with a year's attendance on the mathematical professor, to make the necessary proficiency for a degree. He is studious enough, and emulous enough, and when he comes to mix with his new friends and young companions, he will make his way well enough. I hope he will be upon his guard against those airs of superiority among the scholars, which his larger acquaintance with the world, and his manifest superiority in the knowledge of some things, may but

the dissatisfaction of the state legislature with his advocacy of some of the measures of Jefferson's administration. He had previously, in 1806, been appointed Boylston Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard College, and continued the discharge of his duties until he resigned in 1809. In 1810 he published the lectures he had delivered in his courses. In 1810 he was appointed by Madison Minister to Russia, where he remained until 1815, when with Clay, Bayard, Russell and Gallatin, he negotiated the treaty of peace with England at Ghent, and was appointed minister to that country in the same year by Madison. In 1817 he returned home, was appointed Secretary of State by Monroe, and remained in office eight years, when he was himself chosen to the presidency by the House of Representatives, on whom the choice had devolved. He remained in one term, when he was succeeded by General Jackson. He was immediately after elected a member of the House of Representatives from his native state, a position which he retained till his death.

In 1833 he was nominated by the anti-slavery party as governor of his state. The result of the contest between three candidates threw the election in the Legislature, there being no choice by the people, whereupon Mr. Adams withdrew. He had previously, from 1831 to 1833, published a series of letters condemnatory of the principles and practice of the Freemasons, reprinted in a volume in 1847.

Throughout his long and active political career, Mr. Adams retained a fondness for literature.

He was a man of rare gifts and rich acquisitions. A diligent student, and economical of his time, he found opportunity, amidst all his public cares, to cultivate his tastes for literature and the sciences. He was one of the finest classical and belles-lettres scholars of his time, and even in his old age, often astonished his hearers with the elegant classical allusions and rhetorical tropes with which he enriched and embellished his own productions. His was, withal, an honest, straightforward mind, which not even his devout attachment to his political party was able to turn to base account. A dear lover of freedom, he was a bold promulgator of human rights, and a fearless defender of the oppressed, wherever they were to be found, and in whatever clime.

In the latter part of his career Mr. Adams was a leader of the anti-slavery party, and an inflexible advocate of the right of petition on this as well as on every other subject. He carried this so far as on one occasion to present a petition for a dissolution of the Union, expressing at the same time his dissent from and abhorrence of such a proceeding.

Mr. Adams retained the full vigor of his mind and body by his temperate and active mode of life to the hour almost of his death. He was in his place in the House on the 21st of February, 1848, and gave an emphatic "no" on a motion to present the thanks of the House with gold medals to various officers who had distinguished themselves in the Mexican war. A little after this the course of business was interrupted by a cry, "Mr. Adams is dying." He was

falling over the left side of his chair, his right hand clutching at his desk for support. He was placed on a sofa, and removed for air to the rotunda, and thence to the door of the east portico. As he could not be taken with safety to his residence he was carried to the apartment of the Speaker, Mr. Winthrop. Here he rallied enough to utter his memorable dying words, "This is the end of earth—I am content." He then sank into an apparent stupor, in which he remained until he expired, at a quarter past seven in the evening of the day but one after his attack. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," was the favorite maxim of Adams. It was one which he lived fully up to, and with which the circumstances of his last hours finely harmonized. Had his mode of death been presented to his choice in life, it would have probably been joyfully accepted as a fitting close to his sixty-five years of active public service.

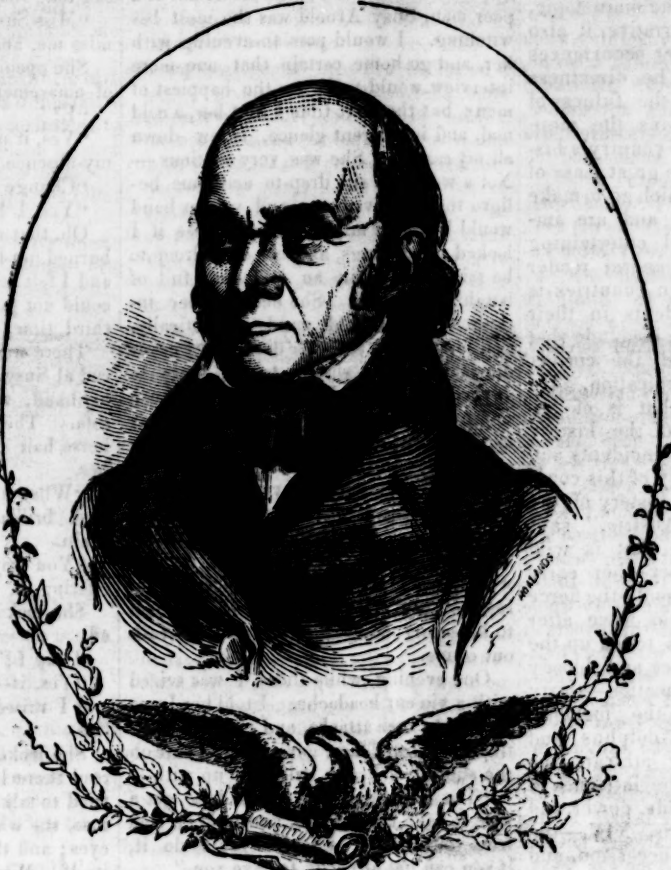
To crown the whole, John Quincy Adams was a Christian. Not a mere member of a conventicle—not a pharisaic observer of outward forms alone—his religion was part, and largely so, of his nature, and entered into all his words and acts, and gave a charm and a grace to his old age which Religion alone can give.

A Wonderful Bone.

In a small work on the Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age, by Mr. Samuel Warren, Recorder of Hull (Blackwood & Sons), the author touches on the subject of comparative anatomy, and the pitch to which a study of it has been carried in this country. We gladly make room for the following passages:—

The incident which I am about to mention, exhibits the result of an immense induction of particulars in this noble science, and bears no faint analogy to the magnificent astronomical calculation, or prediction, whichever one may call it, presently to be laid before you. Let it be premised, that Cuvier, the late illustrious French physiologist and comparative anatomist, had said, that in order to deduce from a single fragment of its structure, the entire animal, it was necessary to have a tooth, or an entire articulated extremity. In his time, the comparison was limited to the external configuration of bone. The study of the internal structure had not proceeded so far.

In the year 1839, Professor Owen was sitting alone in his study when a shabbily-dressed man made his appearance, announcing that he had got a great curiosity which he had brought from New Zealand, and wished to dispose of it to him. Any one in London can now see the article in question, for it is deposited in the Museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It has the appearance of an old marrow-bone, about six inches in length, and rather more than two inches in thickness with both extremities broken off; and Professor Owen considered, that to whatever animal it might have belonged, the fragment must have lain in the earth for centuries. At first, he considered this same marrow-bone to have belonged to an ox—at all events, to a quadruped; for the wall or rim of the bone was six times as thick as the bone of any bird, even the ostrich. He compared it with the bones in the skeleton of an ox, a horse, a camel, a tapir—and every quadruped apparently possessing a bone of that size and configuration; but it corresponded with none. On this, he very narrowly examined the surface of the bony rim, and at length became satisfied that this monstrous fragment must have belonged to a bird! to one at least as large as an ostrich, but of a totally different species; and consequently, one never before heard of, as an ostrich was by far the biggest bird known. From the difference in the strength of the bone, the ostrich being unable to fly, so must have been unable this unknown bird; and so our anatomist came to the conclusion, that this



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

old, shapeless bone indicated the former existence, in New Zealand, of some huge bird, at least as great as an ostrich, but of a far heavier and more sluggish kind. Professor Owen was confident of the validity of his conclusions, but could communicate that confidence to no one else; and notwithstanding attempts to dissuade him from committing his views to the public, he printed his deductions in the Transactions of the Zoological Society for the year 1839, where fortunately they remain on record as conclusive evidence of the fact of his having then made this guess, so to speak, in the dark.

He caused the bone, however, to be engraved; and having sent one hundred copies of the engraving to New Zealand, in the hopes of their being distributed, and leading to interesting results, he patiently waited for three years—namely, till the year 1843—when he received intelligence from Dr. Buckland, of Oxford, that a great box, just arrived from New Zealand, consigned to himself, was on its way, unopened, to Professor Owen; who found it filled with bones, palpably of a bird, one of which was three feet in length, and much more than double the size of any bone in the ostrich!

And out of the contents of this box the professor was positively enabled to articulate almost the entire skeleton of a huge wingless bird, between ten and eleven feet in height, its bony structure in strict conformity with the fragment in question; and that skeleton may be at any time seen at the Museum of the College of Surgeons, towering over, and nearly twice the height of the skeleton of an ostrich; and at its feet is lying the old bone, from which alone consummate anatomical science had deduced such an astonishing reality; the existence of an enormous extinct creature of the bird kind, in an island where previously no bird had been known to exist larger than a pheasant or a common fowl!—*Little's Living Age.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Literary World.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB.—Edited with a Life of the Author by T. Noon. Telford—In 5 vols. 12 mo. New York: DERRY & JACKSON.

At length, and for the first time, we have here a complete American edition of the works of CHARLES LAMB. Heretofore we have had but incomplete and inferior editions of his works—editions which reflected neither credit upon the author, his works, nor the publisher. In this splendid edition full justice is done to both the author, and his works, and which is highly creditable to the enterprising spirit of its publishers. It must supplant all previous editions of his works, and become the standard of reference and authority in this country. The volumes are convenient in size, the type is large, clear and distinct, while the mechanical portions, generally, are in admirable keeping with the merits of the delicate thoughts embodied upon these beautiful pages.

We would be pleased to write a lengthy essay upon the Works of CHARLES LAMB, but, by reference to our file of "The Times," we find that but little over a year ago we printed in "The Times," as one of our "Notes on Literature" a lengthy review of LAMB and his works, in announcing the publication of a former edition of his works, by Messrs. DERRY & JACKSON. We shall therefore confine our attention to this edition. The previous edition, by our publishers contained but a portion of Lamb's works, while this edition—far superior in point of typographical execution, to that, contains complete, all of his productions which contributed to his fame and which are worthy of being perpetuated. The beauty of this edition tempted us to again read our favorite portions of his works; and we experienced a double pleasure in doing so,—from the beauty of the type in which this edition is printed, and with the old familiar thoughts which we met on almost every page. There we met the Essays of Elia, fresh and genial as nature after a May Shower; after these comes "Rosamund Gray." There never was written a more touchingly beautiful little story than "Rosamund Gray."

Compressed within its few and fragmentary pages there are more finely-wrought feeling, delicate limnings and character and sadly sweet sentiment, than can be found in an equal space in the whole range of English Literature. It is but a fragment, nothing clear and defined, yet it is so expressive, so full of meaning; sweet and mournful like the beautiful rose as it begins to wither in the lady's vase. Brief and disconnected as it is a faithful daguerreotype of the beauty, the goodness, the weakness and the woes of human nature. Many times and oft have we read this delicate little effusion, so strongly impressed with the distinguishing characteristics of the "dear lamented Lamb," and yet it is as fresh and interesting to day as it was when we first read it. Although the Essays of Elia are universally admired, and constitute the basis of Lamb's

fame, yet we regard Rosamund Gray as one of the choicest treasures that he ever penned.

The works of LAMB as here published constitute a part of that excellent series of English re-prints, so elegantly and worthily published by Messrs. DERRY & JACKSON, called "The British Classics." There is no series of works in general literature that will compare with these "Classics," either in point of literary excellence, or in the beautiful and substantial, yet cheap style in which they are published. And of the whole series, which embraces the works of Addison, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Dean Swift, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Lamb, and others, there is no author for whose works we entertain a higher opinion or a more affectionate word than for the works of CHARLES LAMB. And added to these is the affectionate biography by the late Sergeant Talford. We commend this edition of Lamb warmly as one of the choicest repositories of literary excellencies in English Literature. Every Scholar reads the works of this eminent writer; and we hope that all of our readers will read them. Five in sheep binding \$7.50.

THE MONARCHIES OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.—The Empire of Austria; its Rise and Present Power. By John S. C. Abbott, 1 Vol. 8. vo. New York: Mason Brothers.

The plan upon which this series of volumes is to be given to the world is somewhat novel. The author, whose extensive researches in Continental history have prepared him for the task, proposes to write a *biographical* history of the Monarchies of Continental Europe, devoting a single volume, of between 500 and 600 pages to each monarchy. The theory upon which the author proceeds is, that "the sovereign and court are necessarily the center about which the popular life revolves, so that while the selection of Reigning dynasties, as the main topic, gives clearness to the narrative, it also links together the minutest occurrences of national progress. The directness of biography is added to the fulness of history." By this means the more important portions of the country's history is extracted from the gr at mass of facts and occurrences which go to make up the complete history, and are imparted in a popular and entertaining style; and all that the general reader desires to know of foreign countries is the main facts and incidents in their histories. We therefore conclude that Mr. Abbott has adopted the correct mode of historical communication. He informs us of nearly all that is of importance for us to know of the history of Austria, and there are incidents and occurrences in the history of this country unparalleled in the history of the world. "The life of Austria," says the author, embraces all that is wild and wonderful in history—her early struggles for grandeur—the fierce struggle with the Turks, as wave after wave of Moslem invasion rolled up the Danube—the long conflict and bloody persecutions of the Reformation—thirty years religious war—the meteoric career of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII., shooting athwart the lurid storms of battle—the intrigues of Popes—the enormous pride, power, and encroachments of Louis XIV.—the warfare of the Spanish succession, and the Polish dismemberment—all these events combine in a sublime tragedy which fiction may in vain attempt to parallel." Mr. Abbott is eminently fitted for the task of producing a readable history of the Empires of Europe, both in natural endowments and scholastic accomplishments. His *History of Napoleon Bonaparte* has rendered him quite famous as a recorder of brilliant military exploits and daring adventures, of which the history of Austria abounds in plentiful profusion. Our preference is decidedly in favor of this Empire of Austria. It is the best work of the two. It reads like a graphic romance, abounding in wild thrilling scenes and passages and yet they are all verified by history. This series of volumes will supply a void in our literature which has long been lamented; and if this volume is to be regarded as an earnest of what the series is to be, we can most confidently commend them. This is an excellent work; and is to be followed during the summer by the "Empire of Russia." Now that the mighty continental powers of Europe are about to engage in sanguinary warfare these works are most seasonable and opportune.

A PIN SWALLOWED BY A LADY.—A few evenings ago, a young lady in this city swallowed a pin, which rested in her throat and caused so much annoyance and pain that she could not sleep during the whole of that night. The next morning she was taken with a fit of sneezing, when, strange to say, the pin was dislodged, and during the paroxysm passed through her nose, thus relieving her entirely of the troublesome intruder.—*Memphis Appeal.*

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND.

BY CARL.

Those witching eyes that look on me
All lovingly and bright,
I'd not exchange their witchery
For all the gems of light.
That glitter in the blue above,
Or all the treasures of the sea,
For gems and treasures cannot love,
And oh, those eyes speak love to me.
Into their liquid depths I gaze,
And read what she dare not confess—
The love light that within them plays
To cheer and glad my loneliness.

WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE HAND.

I am not a bashful man, generally speaking; I am fully as confident and forward as most of my sex. I dress well, sing well, dance tolerable. I don't tread on ladies' dresses when I make my bow; and I have a trick of coloring to the roots of my hair when I am spoken to. Yet, there was one period of my life when all my merits seemed to my own eyes magnified, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful. It was when I was in love. Then, I sometimes did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in the said hands and feet consists my great beauty? They are both small. Three years ago I fell in love. I did not walk into it quietly, weighing my idol's perfections. I fell in, head and ears, two seconds after the introduction.

"Mr. Haynes, Miss Arnold," says a mutual friend, and lo! I was desperately in love. She was a little fair figure, with long brown curls floating over a snowy neck and shoulders, and falling down on the waist of an enchanting sky-blue dress. Her large, dark blue eyes were full of saucy light—yet, oh, how tender and loving they could look. (This I found out later.)

Of all the provoking, tantalizing little coquets that ever teased the heart out of a poor man, Susy Arnold was the most bewitching. I would pass an evening with her, and go home certain that one more interview would make me the happiest of men; but the next time I met her, a cold nod, and indifferent glance, threw down all my castles. She was very cautious—Not a word did she drop to make me believe that she loved me; and yet her hand would linger in mine, her color rise if I looked my feelings, and her eyes droop, to be raised again in an instance, full of laughing defiance. She declared her intention to be an old maid—emphatically, and in the next sentence declare, "I never did love, but if I should take a fancy to anybody, I should love him like—like a house on fire." "Though," she would say carelessly, "I never saw anybody yet worth setting my thoughts upon."

I tried a thousand ways to make her betray some interest in myself. Propose outright I could not. She had a way whenever I tried it, of looking in my face with an air of grave attention, of profound interest, that was equivalent in its effect to knocking me down, it took all the breath out of me.

One evening, while there, I was seized with a violent headache. I told her I was subject to such attacks, and the gipsy putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with—"The best thing you can do is to get a wife to take care of you, and to keep you from your study. I advise you to do it, if you can get anybody to have you."

"Indeed," said I, rather piqued, "there are only too many. I refrain from a selection for fear of breaking others' hearts. How fond all the ladies are of me!" I added conceitedly; "though I can't see that I am particularly fascinating."

"Neither can I," said Susy, with an air of perfect simplicity. "Can't you?" I said, "I hoped—hoped—" Oh! that dreadful attentive face of hers. "That is, Miss Susy, I thought perhaps—oh, my head!" and I buried my head in the cushion.

"Does it ache very badly?" she asked tenderly, and she put her cool little hand among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me, all the way to the toes of my boots. My head being really very painful, I was obliged to leave; but all the way home the soft, cool touch of those little fingers lingered upon my brow.

Soon after this it became necessary for me to leave the city on business. An offer of a lucrative partnership in the South in office of a lawyer friend of mine, made me decide to extend my trip, and see how the "land laid." One thing was certain, I could not leave home for months, perhaps for years, without some answer from Susy. Dressed in my almost faultless costume, and full of hope, I went to Mr. Arnold's. Susy was in the parlor, at the piano, alone. She nodded gaily, as I came in, but continued her song. It was "I've something sweet to tell you."

At the words, "I love you, I adore you!" she gave me such a glance. I was ready to prostrate myself, but sweeping back the curls laughing defiance, she warbled, "But I'm talking in my sleep."

"Then," I cried, "you love me when you sleep? May I think so?" "Oh, yes, if you choose; for Rory O'More says that dreams go by contraries, you know."

I sat down beside her. "Ah!" I said, sighing, "Rory's idol dreamed she hated him."

"Yes," said Susy, "that was the difference between his and yours."

We chatted away for awhile. At last I began—

"Miss Susy, I came up this evening to tell you that I—"

How she was listening! A bright thought struck me; I would tell her of my journey, and in the emotion she was certain to betray, it would be easy to declare my love.

"Miss Susy," I said, "I am going South to-morrow."

She swept her hands across the keys of the piano in a stormy polka. I tried to see her face, but her curls fell over it. I was prepared to catch her, if she fainted, or comfort her, if she wept. I listened for the sob I fancied her music was intended to conceal; but throwing back the curls with a sudden toss, she struck the last chord of the polka, and said gaily: "Going away?"

"Yes, for some months."

"Dear me, how distressing! Just stop at Levy's as you go home, and order me some extra pocket handkerchiefs for this melancholy occasion, will you?"

"You do not seem to require them," I said, rather piqued again. "I shall stay away some months."

"Well, write to me, won't you! And if you get married, or die, or anything, let us know."

"I have an offer to be a partner in a law office in Kentucky," I said, determined to try her, "and if I accept it, as I have some thoughts of doing, I shall never return."

Her face did not change. The old saucy look was there, as I spoke; but I noticed that one little hand closed convulsively over her watch chain, and that the other fell upon the keys, making for the first time a discord.

"Going away forever?" she said, with a sad tone that made my heart throb.

"Miss Susy, I hoped you, at least, would miss me, and sorrow at my absence."

She opened her eyes with an expression of amazement.

"I?"

"Yes, it might change all my plans, if my absence would grieve you."

"Change all your plans?"

"Yes, I hope—though—"

Oh, that earnest, grave face. My cheeks burned, my hands and feet seemed to swell, and I felt cold chills run all over me. I could not go on. I broke down for the third time.

There was an awkward silence. I glanced at Susy. Her eyes were resting on my hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa. The contrast between the black horse hair and the flesh seemed to strike her.

"What a pretty little hand?" she said.

A brilliant idea passed through my brain.

"You may have it if you will!" I said, offering it.

She took it between her own, and asked,

"Any I?"

"Yes, if—if you will give me this one,"

and I raised her beautiful hand to my lips.

She looked into my face. What she read there I cannot say, but if ever eyes tried to talk, mine did then. Her color rose, the white lids fell over the glorious eyes; and the tiny hand struggled to free itself. Was I fool enough to release it?

What I said I know not, but I dare say my wife can tell you. Five minutes later, my arms encircled the blue dress, the brown curls fell upon my breast, and my lips were in contact with—another pair.

Susy and I were married.

Time for Work.

A few weeks ago Baron Humboldt addressed, through the public press, a letter to his correspondents, begging them to allow him time for work. It is a spectacle that approaches sublimity, to see the venerable man, tottering on the verge of his ninetieth year, he who knew in his boyhood the great Frederick, and was a cotemporary of the great Washington, and the great Napoleon, and the great Goethe—who, for seventy years of manhood, had labored almost without intermission, and who perhaps had accomplished more brain work than any other man of the two centuries in which he lived—to see him petitioning exemption from the consequences of celebrity, that he might go on with the tasks he had appointed for himself. The man who saw and studied the revolutions in America and France, who was a spectator of the whole career of Napoleon I, and saw the star of his dynasty rise again in Napoleon III; who saw not only the great war, but forty years of European peace, the episode in the Crimea, and the opening of the present drama in Italy—the brain that had toiled through all these mighty eras of the world's history, protests against the glorious leisure even of a glorious old age, and against trivial occupation, and asks time for work! And this is deeply

affecting when we consider that the grand old hero of the universal empire of peace was, when appealing for time to finish his labors, on the brink of the grave, that his intellect was soon to give no more rays to the earth it had illumined so long, but was to go out from us like a majestic star dropping from the firmament into the dark abyss of space. When we feel weary of the work we have to do, when we have done so little, let us think of Humboldt as after so many gigantic accomplishments, begging the world to give him, in his few remaining days, "time for work."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Chapter of Calamities.

A correspondent of the Southern Christian Advocate, writing from Greensboro, Georgia, sums up the following awful chapter of calamities:

Mr. Editor:—Old Greene county, Ga., so long renowned for her intelligence and morality, has recently been the scene of the most awful tragedies ever enacted within the same length of time among the same territory.

On Thursday morning, May 14th, the quiet of our town was disturbed by the intelligence reaching us, that Mr. Wm. F. Luckie, a citizen of the county, residing within eight miles of the town, had been cruelly and brutally murdered on the night before, by one of his negroes' stabbing him in thirteen different places.

Before noon the same day, we were startled by the announcement from the Male Academy, that one of the students had shot at the teacher, not missing him and two students more than from two to four inches.

On Wednesday, May 18th, ere the town had resumed its quiet tone, we were summoned to witness the last moments of our honored citizen, Judge F. H. Cone. When at fifteen minutes after 3 o'clock, in the afternoon he breathed his last, a sadness and gloom ensued, such as might be expected upon the loss of so great a man.

On the following morning, before many of us had broke our fast, a messenger in great haste, reached town, bearing the revolting intelligence that our beloved sister, Martha Matilda Crutchfield, had been most cruelly murdered on that morning about day light, and that her husband, George Crutchfield, was wounded and suffering greatly. As quick as circumstances would admit, many of us were on our way to the scene of this awful tragedy. Immediately on arriving at the place, a jury of inquest were summoned, which after proper and satisfactory examination, rendered their verdict that the deceased came to her death from the shot of a pistol fired by the hand of her husband, who subsequently had shot himself.

This murder and attempt at suicide produced such a shock, as is seldom felt by a community. Sister Crutchfield was shot, the balls—for there were two—entering at the same place in the forehead and coming out a little to the left of the centre of the back of her head. Her husband was shot just behind the ear, slightly fracturing the skull bone. He is still alive and may recover. I have just returned from her burial; the immense crowd who were present to participate in the solemn exercises, was a sufficient proof of the esteem in which she was held by all that knew her.

Sister Crutchfield, aged 41 years, 7 months, and 1 day, had been for many years a worthy member of the M. E. Church. Her commendable zeal and christian devotion, had secured to her the confidence of all that knew her, as one of true piety and sincere devotion. She was possessed of more than ordinary mind, and, hence, had already succeeded in making her impress upon three or four children who survive her—the fourth being an infant. Her great anxiety was to have her children educated and see them pious. She was usually possessed of a fine flow of christian spirits; this, in connection with her agreeable manners, contributed to her success in imparting pleasure to her wide circle of acquaintances. Her antecedents will warrant the conclusion that, though suddenly called to her account, she was prepared to hear, "come ye blessed of my Father." She is gone from earth, yet her virtues are enshrined in the affections of many who survive her.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTIONS.—Mr. Letcher's majority is about 4,500.

To Congress twelve Democrats and one Whig are elected instead of thirteen Democrats as in the last Congress. The Democrats, however, are not all of the same views; or perhaps we should speak more correctly in saying that they were not before the elections. Six of the twelve were old members re-elected without opposition; two re-elected over independent Democratic candidates, and four are independent Democrats elected over the regular nominees.

The Legislature will contain a Democratic majority of about 42 out of 202 members. Last year the Democrats had a far larger majority—two or three to one, we believe.—*Fayetteville Obs.*

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3d, '59.

Mr. Miller's Lecture in behalf of the Mt. Vernon Fund—Accident—The City Water Bill—City Election—Virginia Election—

The Lecture by Mr. Miller, of your State, came off according to announcement last Monday evening, and was a complete success. The large lecture hall of the Smithsonian Institute was well filled with an audience that spoke well for the patriotism of the citizens of Washington. The lecture itself was worthy of the cause in behalf of which it was delivered; and it was a subject of general regret that a very boisterous and disagreeable rain prevented many who had purchased tickets from attending.

Congress, the Supreme Court, and all of our local Courts have now adjourned, and when you add to this that our venerable President is away on a visit to Chapel Hill in your State, you may imagine that nothing very "special" is taking place here.

Two workmen, named Streets and Offutt, engaged in painting one of the upper stories of Willard's Hotel, fell to the ground on Thursday evening. Streets was killed and Offutt seriously hurt.

Considerable wrangling has taken place of late in consequence of mayor Berret's veto of the Water-bill. Yesterday, however, a new bill was framed and passed by our City Council, to which the mayor has given his approval. So the work of laying pipes through those streets of which the corporation has control, will soon begin.

The municipal election for Collector, Register and other city officers, comes off on Monday, and will, therefore, have been decided before this letter reaches you. Excitement runs high about it.

As I conjectured in my last letter, the returns from the remote counties are considerably modifying the aspect of the Virginia election, and although full returns have not yet been received, Letcher's election is generally conceded by about five thousand majority.

Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. June 6th, '59.

Another freak of the weather—Visit of the President and the incidents thereof—Doings at "the Hill"—The new Bank—City Items—Death of an important character.

Dear Times.—Instead of a mild balmy summer's day, as you might imply from the date above written, we are shivering in a wintry atmosphere, which brings into requisition our thick garments, we had so willingly laid aside, a few days ago.

The excitement of the Presidential visit has passed away and left a warm glow of pleasant recollections behind; every body was pleased to welcome the good old man and willing to lay aside the acerbities of Party strife for the cordialities of social life and to forget the head of the Dominant power, in the simple fact that the President was also a gentleman and our guest. Mr. Buchanan was delighted with his reception; such a greeting no one ever had in North Carolina before, such a stirring up of the masses to meet him; he expressed himself pleasantly surprised by the fact, that since his entrance into the state the subject of office had never been mentioned to him; Mr. Clingman narrates a similar fact in his address here, last fall, illustrative of the scarcity of such applications from this State.—That indomitable corps, "The Wilmington Light Infantry" accompanied the President to Chapel Hill and bore a distinguished part in the ceremonies of the occasion; on his return the President became the guest of Hon. Mr. Branch, where he dined and then, in company with Hon. W. N. Edwards, they spent the afternoon in paying "pops," returning the numerous calls made on him, during his short stay; at night an impromptu levee was held, at which many of our citizens paid their respects to the Chief Magistrate. Among the incidents of the first levee it may be mentioned that a young lady was presented and, while gracefully bowing to him, she remarked: "I am Miss Harriet Lane, sir!"—the answer came in the shape of a warmer pressure of the hand and a smile of grateful surprise; her name and that of the President's niece were indeed identical.

He left on Saturday morning to spend a day or two with his intimate personal and political friend, Hon. W. N. Edwards of Warren. We might go more into detail, but must refer your readers to the papers, concluding with the remark that altogether the reception was the grandest parade seen in the State, for many a year.—Eleven companies, numbering between 400 and 500 men, three bands of music and four pieces of Artillery. The Petersburg Band, certainly the best music makers in the South, closed the proceedings and the week together by a grand concert in the open air, at the base of the

Washington statue, on Saturday night. It is to be hoped that the visit of the military to Chapel Hill may have the effect of inducing the young men to raise a similar company among themselves; such a body is much needed there; there should be one in every county. The Commencement just passed was one of the most brilliant in the annals of the college; an immense crowd was present and the dancing, speeches, music &c, &c, were beyond all description. All that is now wanting to complete the attractions of the place is to build a railroad from Durham's, to correct the unaccountable oversight in running the present line and we predict the future commencements will be unparalleled in the crowds of visitors and new students; that abominable 12 miles is the most detestable stretch of road between New Orleans and New York and the fare \$1.50 and \$2.00 is out of all conscience. The new corps of Editors of the "University Magazine" are making efforts to put that periodical on a firm basis of permanent usefulness and combined attraction; each No. is to contain a portrait of some distinguished Carolinian, while the literary portion will be the choicest productions of some of the ablest pens of the State and a part will be dedicated to the reception of the effusions of the students; the first number will commence a series of biographies of our Supreme Court Judges. Price \$2, in advance, per year.

It is generally believed that the subscription to the New Banks of North Carolina will reach two-and-a-half millions of dollars; so that there will be no necessity to re-open the books. It is probable that in a few days, as soon as the full returns are received, a call will be issued for a meeting of the Stockholders and the payment of the first instalment; this is required to be in gold or silver, and the specie can readily be furnished here at 1 to 1 1/2 cent.

The Circuit Court of the United States, Judge Biggs presiding, is in session here to day; there is no business of any very great importance before it.

The Medical Commission, for examining all who may hereafter wish to practice, is also in session; though today it is not quite organized, on account of the absence of some of the members.

On Monday next the Supreme Court opens.

Rev. Dr. Burroughs, of Richmond, is expected to lecture before the "Young Men's Christian Association," on Friday evening next; the Institution is already a success, and will do more for the improvement of its members, as its means and numbers increase.

The famous stallion, "Carolina Black Hawk," belonging to Messrs. Cain & Strudwick, of Hillsborough, is just dead; he was a very beautiful and valuable animal, and they recently refused \$4,000 for him. Yours, P. S. S.

Mr. Buchanan in N. Carolina.

In accordance with previous arrangements, the President of the United States was met at Weldon on the 31st of May, by Gov. Ellis, a committee of the Trustees of the University, the Mayor and committee of the city of Raleigh, the Oak City Guards accompanied by the Salisbury Brass Band, the Wilmington Light Infantry accompanied by the Fayetteville Cornet Band, and by several distinguished gentlemen of the State. He was welcomed by Gov. Ellis, who said, in substance:

I welcome you, Mr. President, in the name of the people of North Carolina. Fellow-citizens, I have the honor of introducing to you James Buchanan, President of the United States. It needs not that I should speak to you of his character and public service. They are a part of the history of this great country, and as we value that country, so will we value his services in its behalf. It has been said of a distinguished Marshal of France, that he fought five hundred battles for his country and never one against it. So may we say of the illustrious Chief Magistrate who stands before you, that he has fought 100 political battles for his country and never one against it. Let those forget those battles who can, but never can the bosom of a North Carolinian cease to pulsate at the remembrance of them. His efforts for the good of the country have only been circumscribed by the Constitution and the Union, limits beyond which no true patriot dare go. At the close of half a century of public life, we can sincerely congratulate him on its results; and to-day, while Europe is struggling in the smoke of war with her millions of soldiery, we assemble in peace to pour forth the grateful tribute of a people, in token of their recognition of these results. [Cheers]

President Buchanan replied as follows:

I reciprocate with all my heart the cordial welcome I have just received from the citizens of North Carolina.

I have long contemplated a visit to your great and fruitful State, but have never been able to do so until now. I must have come now or not at all, for at the age I will have attained when my term shall have ended, and when I go into retirement, is that at which man is warned to remain at rest and prepare for that great event which must overtake us all. I have always admired this State. It is truly conservative, and while the fire of liberty burns as brightly in the bosoms of North Carolinians, as in the hearts of any of the inhabitants of this Union, the love of law and order are equally prevalent.

Liberty, as cherished by all parties in North Carolina, becomes a great civil blessing, unmixed, as it is, with lawlessness, which would make it prove a curse. The Governor had spoken of him as a supporter of the Constitution and the Union, and he has spoken truly. I ever expect to be. As long as this great charter of liberty remains unimpaired, we shall be the greatest and happiest people in the world. But let it be battered, we become the scorn of the world and the hope of tyrants. Thank God, there is no danger to it from North Carolina, for while she may have had her differences in politics, she has never wavered on the great questions of the Constitution. [Loud and prolonged cheers.]

The President closed, his reply by stating that he was getting tired of the cares and troubles of office; that he had now reached a period in life which rendered the repose and comforts of home desirable, and that at the end of his present four years' service he should repair to the shades of Wheatland, and there prepare for that summons which sooner or later awaits every member of the human family.

At Franklinton, the President and suite took dinner. He was received by an address from C. C. Blacknall, Esq., and made the following reply:

Fellow-citizens of North Carolina; I am happy to meet you. From the time I entered your glorious Old State, until the present moment, I have been received with the utmost kindness and cordiality. You are a people well known for your steadiness of character, for your conservative feeling and for your true patriotism. You are well known to your sister States, and especially well known to that State, from which I hail. [Applause.]

As long as the people of North Carolina entertain the principles and the feelings for which they have been remarkable—as long as they entertain that love of country which has always distinguished them—as long as they entertain that conservative spirit which binds together the different States of the Union, so long will they be glorious and useful to their fellow-citizens of the other States. (Cheers) The time may come to try their patriotism, and I trust they may find themselves equal to the crisis. People attempt to value the Constitution and the Union: They are invaluable. (Applause) You cannot estimate the blessing they confer upon all mankind. Let us then cherish and promote it. Let us swear by the memory of our fathers, that we will resist any attempt to tear from the Constitution of States of which the Union is composed, and let the man be execrated for all time, who shall attempt to break up this glorious Confederacy. (Cheers.)

I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this reception. I am somewhat fatigued, and unable to address you at greater length.—It is true, as the gentleman said, I do not come among you like a mighty conqueror, to lay waste and destroy; but as a plain, humble individual with all the feelings and sympathies of mankind, I am sincerely grateful for the cordial reception with which I have been greeted everywhere in your State. (Applause.)

At Raleigh, the Hon. D. M. Barringer, in the name of the citizens of the place, gave Mr. Buchanan a welcome to the capital of the State. The following was Mr. Buchanan's reply:

Fellow citizens of North Carolina: I cannot fail, while gratitude is an emotion of the heart, to recollect this reception from North Carolina. My public life has been a long one, and I have been engaged in many political battles, and they are now rewarded by your smiles of approval. I am glad to be here, in the capital of North Carolina, which you have rightly named Raleigh, thus aiding in perpetuating that great name. He fell a victim to a weak and pusillanimous tyrant; but, thank God, nothing of that kind can occur here—no such injustice can be perpetrated in this land of liberty. You North Carolinians were great rebels during the Revolution, and very troublesome to Lord Cornwallis, one of her Majesty's officers. He used to say that you rose in his rear as fast as he passed you, and that he could never claim that he was master of any ground in North Carolina save that which his army stood upon: You first raised the flag of resistance to Great Britain in the Western region of your State, and you have done

better since—you have stood by it. And you will continue to do so as long as your young men preserve the virtues of Macon and Nash and Caswell. You have scattered patriots throughout the United States, who wherever they may be located, have always given their fellow men a good opinion of the Old North State.

It has become fashionable now-a-days to discuss the value of the Union. It was not fashionable twenty years ago. It was not every transitory evil that leads us to a division of the Union. Let the friends of a separation of the Union succeed, and the cause of civil and religious liberty throughout the world will receive a death blow. My friends have spoken of the war progressing in Europe, in which Kings are endeavoring to overthrow dynasties and generals to win new glories, while the poor people who are really the sufferers are not thought of. This spectacle ought to teach as the value of our institutions. Here you are to-day a body of sovereigns, who have elected me your Executive—not your ruler; whose acts are to be jealously watched and accounted for, besides, some acts for which he is not guilty. Though the sun of my political life is growing dim, I shall never cease to refer vividly and with grateful emotions to this reception from the Old North State. [Loud cheers.]

RECEPTION OF THE HON. WM. B. REED.—The reception of the Hon. Mr. B. Reed, our late minister to China, took place in Philadelphia on Tuesday evening, in the rooms of the board of trade, on Chestnut street. The rooms were thronged by a large number of the most influential citizens, who, without distinction of party, assembled to honor the returned diplomatist. Mr. Reed was warmly congratulated by a number of his personal friends, and made a long and deeply interesting address to the assembled audience. The Press says:

He ably defended the course of our government in refusing to unite with France and England in waging war upon China. Throughout his whole diplomatic career in that country he cordially cooperated with the Russian minister, and although at times he was unable to act in harmony with the French and English ministers, yet no positive illfeeling was engendered.

Mr. Reed considers the residence of foreign Ministers at Peking undesirable, and claims that the treaty he formed will be found highly advantageous to American interests. He spoke in high terms of the beneficial influence exercised by the Protestant and Catholic missionaries, and rejoiced that his treaty contained important provisions for their protection in China.

Mr. Reed in the course of his speech referred to the attacks made upon him by the London Times, and proved that they had no foundation to rest upon.

At the conclusion of the address, Rev. Dr. Stevens was introduced, and he made a few remarks with reference to the latter part of Mr. Reed's speech, upon the religious effects of the mission entrusted to our Ministers to China. It would, for all future time, stand forth as the noblest specimen of American diplomacy. Its results were the opening to commerce of a great and almost unknown country, comprising a large portion of the globe, to the commerce of the world.

SALE OF FREE NEGROES.—We notice in the Portsmouth (Va.) Transcript an advertisement by the Collector, proposing to sell, on the 18th instant, thirty-six free negroes, men and boys, and seventy women and girls, under a provision of the city charter directing the sale of all Free Negroes who fail to pay their taxes.

This speaks very badly for that class of the population of Portsmouth. It appears that they are a worthless set—not willing to meet their obligations to the City Government; or they are too poor and indolent—a pest to society.

The law regulating this matter in Portsmouth is an excellent one, and similar enactments ought to prevail throughout the entire South, until it shall be freed of that worthless class, whose presence and example are productive of incalculable injury to the slaveholder.—Daily Bulletin.

MR. McRAE'S ADDRESS.—The Address of D. K. McRae, Esq., before the two Literary Societies at Chapel Hill last week, was one of the best productions we have ever heard. While listening to it, we could not resist the conclusion that Mr. McRae was one of the greatest orators North Carolina has in her borders or has ever produced.—The sentiment and style of the Address were admirable and elicited frequent applause.—Charlotte Democrat.

CHEMICAL SYMBOLS IN THE BIBLE.—A newly-fledged chemist has just solved the following passage in Isaiah: "H, every one that thirsteth." He employs the chemical formula in his exegesis—H O being the symbol for water, or protoxide of hydrogen—and construes the text, "Water every one that thirsteth."

New wheat from Georgia has made its appearance in New York.

The Dumb Speaking and the Deaf Hearing.

One of the wonders of the age is the great discovery in the "Institution des Sourds Mutes" in Paris, where the Deaf are taught to hear and the Dumb to speak. Edward Gould Baffan, Esq., sends the following interesting description of his visit to the Institution:

The guide took his visitors into a room where a teacher, surrounded by thirty or forty boys, between the ages of six and fourteen years, was writing some grammatical exercises on the black-board. The teacher said he was very glad to receive visitors, and that he would exhibit some specimens of the proficiency to which his pupils had attained in speaking although they were all born deaf. The boy first called up looked closely at the teacher's lips while the latter told him to bid us good day. The boy immediately enunciated his words clearly and distinctly, and with very correct accentuation, and said:

"How do you do, sir?" I replied, and the teacher requested me to ask the boy a question. I did so, merely moving the organs of speech without uttering any sound, and asking with my lips how old he was?

He instantly replied "thirteen years and a half."

Upon being told by the teacher, he asked me "where did you come from?"

I replied in the same manner as before, from America.

The boy repeated "America," and taking a piece of chalk wrote upon the black-board:

"You have come from a great distance and must have seen a great many savages, who were very wicked."

During all the time I had been conversing with the teacher, he giving me information about his pupils, and requesting me to question them, without ever having a suspicion that I was talking with a deaf man and listening to a dumb one, and should have remained in this ignorance, had not the guide, after he had permitted me to enjoy my error for a quarter of an hour, informed me that the teacher, as well as the pupils, had been born deaf, and, until within the last five years, had never spoken a word.

Two of the boys stood upon a platform, at the teacher's suggestion, and held a conversation with each other, and then wrote sentences on the board and read them in a loud and distinct voice. Another boy was called up and handed a book, which I opened for him at random, and from which he read two or three pages rapidly and without the slightest hesitation, and with a really musical, agreeable voice.

The pupils, of course, receive the idea intended to be conveyed to them through the formation of the lips, and once or twice, when the teacher was speaking to them, they made a motion signifying that they did not fully understand him, and once one of them drew him to the window, where the light played fully upon his lips while he was uttering quite a long sentence. Of course they can have no idea what a sound is, and the only difference I noticed between their utterances and those of other children was, that the modulations were not always correct, and some of them kept the voice at the same pitch while speaking or reading an entire sentence. But so perfectly can they interpret the movement of the lips, that when placed so that they could not see the side of the teacher's mouth, they understood him evidently as well as when looking directly at his lips. So perfect, indeed, was the whole exhibition, that had I dropped in accidentally without knowing where I was going, the last place I should ever have suspected myself to be in would have been among deaf and dumb children.

It was in this room alone, I learned from the teacher, that spoken language was employed, here no signs were used, the children being taught their lessons either by speech or writing, and the smartest and most capable children are placed here. I remained there an hour, and a crowd of strange suggestive thoughts came over me as I left. Where, after such an exhibition as I had witnessed, could bounds be put to the results of patient labor; where can be placed the limits of possibility? I doubt whether the good Abbe L'Evee, who founded the institution, ever dreamed that in so short a time the truths of the text from St. Mark, which is inscribed over the chapel door, "Il a beau fait toutes choses. Il a fait entendre les sourds et parler les muets," would have been so literally verified as I had seen it during my visit.

Mr. John W. Stuart, who was for several years Principal of the Johnston Male and Female Academies in this State, and at present connected with the Ashland Female Seminary, Va., has been elected Professor of Ancient Languages in the Mansfield Female College, Louisiana.—Standard.

STATE STOCKS.—North-Carolina bonds are selling in New York at 97 1/2. Virginia 95 to 96. Tennessee 90 1/2. Missouri 84.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, June 11, 1859.

C. C. COLE, } Editors and Proprietors.
J. W. ALBRIGHT, }

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

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and others.

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Mrs. E. C. LOMIR,
CHARLES E. W. DORRIS,
H. A. DWIGHT,
J. C. VITE ORRELL,
and others.

COMMENCEMENT AT CHAP. L. HILL.

We had the pleasure during the past week of attending another annual Commencement of the University of North Carolina. And it was a pleasure in the full acceptance of that term. For an immense crowd, the number of distinguished visitors, the amount of speaking and other *et ceteras* in the way of display and entertainment, Chapel Hill has not for years, if ever, seen such a time.

To take notes of everything that passed was impossible, and amidst so much done and said, it is equally impossible to do justice to all, relying upon a truant memory.

The weather was exceedingly auspicious, a little warm and dusty, and we are certain we never saw the Campus look more beautiful and attractive. Certainly it is worth the trouble of a visit once a year to walk amid the magnificent oaks and beautiful shrubbery that surround the College buildings.—The gentle and refreshing breezes that play amid the gracefully swaying branches of those ancient oaks would almost breathe a spirit of poetry into the cold and stubborn soul of a stoic.

Rev. D. S. Doggett, D. D., of Virginia, preached the annual sermon to the Senior Class on Monday night.—We believe it was well received by the large audience, and the speaker fully sustained his high reputation for chasteness and elegance of speech.

Tuesday night was devoted to declamation by competitors of the Freshman Class. We are not furnished with a programme.

Hon. Duncan K. McRae, of North Carolina, delivered the Literary Address before the two Societies Wednesday morning. It was a most able and eloquent effort, exceeding even the high expectations of the audience. The spirit of his address was to disabuse the minds of the young men of the sentiment of the poet, that

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune
And to fame."

and to impress upon them instead thereof, that every man held his fortune in his own hands; that not to the genius was success awarded, but to the persevering laborious.

RECEPTION OF MR. BUCHANAN.

The committee, having in charge, his excellency James Buchanan, President of the United States, and the Hon. Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, accompanying, left Raleigh Wednesday morning in an extra train, furnished by the North-Carolina Railroad, and most handsomely decorated with wreaths, flags, &c. There were also two or three other trains, immediately succeeding, filled with the returning military companies from the reception at Raleigh and visitors to the commencement at Chapel Hill.

On arriving at Durham's station, (twelve miles from the University,) the President, the committee and the Wilmington Light Infantry (a beautiful and well disciplined company, and the only one that accompanied the President) found carriages and hacks in waiting. The President arrived at the University about one o'clock, and was met by the citizens, students and visitors and escorted to the residence of Gov. Swain, President of the University. Gov. Swain received him, delivering an appropriate address of welcome to the State and especially to the University. Mr. Buchanan's reply was truly gratifying to the audience. He spoke with great ease and distinctness. He referred in a very happy manner to the characteristic spirit of North Carolina, as cool, deliberate, conservative and honest. The prosperity of the nation was largely indebted to the influence she thus wielded, and he feared that her patriotism and devotion to the constitution would before many years be more strongly tried than it had been in the past. He admired such a people and had long desired to pay them a visit, and it now afforded him the highest gratification to meet with such a warm and cordial welcome at their hands. He admonished them in most faithful terms to abide by the constitution as the only safety to the perpetuity of the Union.

Loud calls were made for Mr. Thompson, and he appeared and made a short address, referring more particularly to the days of his student-life when he was a member of the University. He also paid some appropriate tributes to the Professors then in the University, but now gathered to their rest. A long table had previously been spread under the magnificent oaks, and the President with his friends dined together. Thus concluded the exercises of the reception.

The annual address to the Alumni was delivered Wednesday evening at four o'clock by Rev. Dr. Hooper. Anticipating a large crowd, and excessively warm weather, he had prepared an address of wit and humor with which he kept up a continued laughter for nearly an hour.—He was a graduate of the University of upwards of fifty years standing, and had much to say of the days then and now.—The conclusion of his address assumed the serious, in which much good counsel was given.

Wednesday night the competitors in the Sophomore class declaimed.

Evils of Dismemberment, Webster.—Thomas T. Allen, Windsor.

Plea for the Union, Baldwin. Guilford Nicholson, Halifax Co.

Cato's Soliloquy on Immortality, Addison. Robert S. Clark, Texas.

Demosthenes, denounced, Aeschines. John H. Dobbin, Fayetteville.

Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua, Kellogg. Stephen M. Routh, Louisiana.

Our Relations to England, Ed. Everett. Oliver T. Parks, Wilkes Co.

Our Country, H. W. Miller. Henry J. Hogan, Chapel Hill.

The Last days of Herculaneum, Atherstone. John Bradford, Alabama.

The death of Riccio, Aytoun. Charles M. Stedman, Fayetteville.

The Elephant, Anonymous. Eli S. Shorter, Georgia.

These declamations were very superior, many of them gaining the ears of the audience as intently as if the scenes were actually before them.

After the declamations an interesting ceremony took place. The professor of Rhetoric presents annually a prize to the member of the Sophomore class excelling in composition. The prize was awarded to Eldridge Wright, of Tennessee. Mr. Buchanan presented the prize, delivering a short address upon the best style of composition—short, clear, pointed sentences, conveying a thought; instead of long ambiguous sentences, covering the thought with a multitude of words.

Thursday was devoted to the graduating exercises. Of the distinguished visitors present we noticed Mr. Buchanan, President of the United States; Hon. Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior; Hon. Thos. Bragg, U. S. Senator; Hon. John W. Ellis, Governor of the State; Ex-Governors, Morehead, Graham and Manly; Judges, Biggs, Sanders, Battle and Dick; Hons. D. M. Barringer, L. O. B. Branch, J. H. Bryan, Daniel M. Coleman and Duncan K. McRae. Rev. D. S. Doggett, D. D., and Rev. Wm. Hooper, D. D., LL. D.; &c. &c.,

The Graduating Class consisted of eighty six members, as follows:

P B Bacot,	G D Jones,
R C Badger,	L C Latham,
T J Badgett,	C Lesesne,
J W Ballard,	A D Lindsey,
G B Barnes,	F P Long,
J E Beasley,	J B Lynch,
H H Bein,	W B Lynch,
T P Bonner,	C W McClammy, jr,
J T Boyce,	G C McConaughy,
J G Bustin,	W McDonald,
R F C Cobb,	D P McEachen,
A S Callaway,	W Mebane,
J P Coffin,	J A Miller,
R W Cole,	C N Morrow,
J T Cook,	E T Morrow,
A J Costin,	R W Nixon,
C S Croom,	J B Perkins,
H R Daniel,	G M Pillow,
G F Dixon,	M H Pinnix,
J Duncan, jr.,	E L Riddick,
M L Eure,	F C Robbins,
I R Ferguson,	J L Robbins,
F A Fetter,	Isaac Roberts,
J H Field,	W J Rogers,
J M Flemming,	H L Rugely,
A M Flythe,	Simpson Russ,
W F Foster,	E F Satterfield,
L Frierson,	N B Shannon,
J L Gaines,	G E Shepard,
J T Gatling,	W G Sillers,
B L Gill,	J A Sloan,
J L Granberry,	W J Somervell,
B Green,	J Somervell,
J C Green,	F D Stockton,
R F Hamlin,	J P Taylor,
T W Harris,	Wells Thompson,
T S Hill,	Timothous Walton,
Cooper Huggins,	T L Watson,
N C Hughes,	R S Webb,
S H Isler,	J G Whitfield,
G B Johnston,	J A Williams,
S L Johnston,	E B Withers,
	J A Woodburn,

The exercises were opened with sacred music, and prayer: by Rev. F. M. Hubbard. The Senior Class was represented on the stage by the following members:

Latin Salutatory, William Bingham Lynch, Orange Co.

The Hamiltonian System, Thomas West Harris, Chatham Co.

Objections to an Eleative Judiciary, Mills Lee Eure, Gates Co.

The Imagination; to be Cultivated, Richard Williams Nixon, New Hanover.

The Persecution of the Jews, Cicero Stephens Croom, New York.

The Man of Letters, James Luttrell Gaines, Buncombe Co.

The Common Sense Man, Wilbur Fisk Foster, Alabama.

The Independent Thinker, Franklin Childs Robbins, Randolph Co.

The American Student, Berryman Green, Virginia.

To be great is to be misunderstood, Benjamin Lewellen Gill, Franklin Co.

Comparative merits of Curriculum Colleges, Frederick Augustus Pether, Chapel Hill.

German Oration, Francis Doughy Stockton, Statesville.

Benedict Arnold, Elijah Benton Withers, Caswell Co.

The Political Influence of Educated Men, Charles Washington McClammy, Jr., New Hanover Co.

The Valedictory, George Burgwyn Johnston, Edenton.

Judge Battle, chairman of the committee of examination, reported the University in the highest state of prosperity. During the past year there were 436 matriculates. The Faculty consists of 1 President, 9 Professors, and 4 Tutors. They were of the opinion that, for ability and advantages, there was scarcely a place superior and few equal in the United States, and it exerted much influence upon the destinies of the Union. The past session had been marked by good order, but the examinations indicated not quite so much attention to the text-books, and did not meet the expectations of the committee. To this remark, however, the section receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science was an honorable exception. Upon a close investigation, the committee was of the opinion that much money allowed the students was exceedingly injurious—those who spend the most money derive the least good from the University. They also recommended to the Faculty a more rigid examination for admission into the College, also not to permit the class to advance unless they stand an examination annually equally as rigid as given one first applying for admission.

The President conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon the Graduating Class; the degree of Master of Arts upon such of the Graduating Class of three years standing as it was due; the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon President Buchanan.

Some other honorary degrees were conferred, but the President spoke so distinctly we could not hear.

With the ball at night the exercises closed. It was a brilliant and successful Commencement: the various exercises were highly entertaining—the music by the Armory Band of Richmond, was delightful, and the ladies, the most beautiful the land affords, were in attendance by the hundreds. An ardent lover of music and beauty, we were often so enraptured as to feel a disposition to fall down and worship at the shrine of beauty. And we are hardly convinced it would be idolatry.

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

"There's no use a talking"—there's something in a good natured man, or woman, which exerts the most genial of influences; in fact, which tickles the ribs of existence, and sets the whole world in a roar of laughter, and puts everybody in a good humor. For the life of us, we never could tolerate the man who never laughs—who never laughs *out loud*. This laughing to one's self may do very well for an old bachelor when he has retired to his comfortable lodgin's, but it will *never*, *never* do for a man who goes a-courtin' once in a while, and who don't despise curls, crinoline and—chalk, (beg your pardon, ladies!)

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by all kinds o' men."

So says the poet.

"Care in our collins drives the nails no doubt,
But *Mitch*, with merry fingers, plucks them out."

And so says the poet.

My dear Gossips, a "little nonsense" occasionally taken, in proper doses, is the best thing in the world to give tone to the body and strength to the mind. If there is anything we hate, it is that *thing*, moulded in the human shape, who floats over the sea of existence like an iceberg, cold and passionless. On the other hand, if there is a man whom we love, it is that man who is more like a volcano than an iceberg—warm, sometimes "kicking up a smoke," and now and then, overflowing. Then, dear Gossip, let us meet here, from week to week, and, if possible, let us enjoy as much of "the feast of reason and flow of soul" as we have capacity for. There's nothing like enjoyment in this world.....Speaking of enjoyment, reminds us of a communication we have received from "JENNY MAYFLOWER." Any man who, after reading it, will pronounce it *not* as sweet and as fresh as a "may flower," deserves to have his nose pulled. Here it is:

ENJOYMENT.

DEAR GOSSIP:—It's a wonder to me how silly some girls do become from one cause or another. I don't believe that love—real, genuine love—ever made a sensible girl a silly mortal, no more than I believe that this tumbling world of ours rests upon a monstrous "turd." Love is one thing, and foolishness is *another* thing. That's so. I haven't lived to count my nineteenth year for nothing, and I flatter myself that I have cut my wisdom teeth.

Now, what queer tastes some of my sex have. Some of them can only enjoy themselves by dancing, flirting, fawning and talking all the time. I actually hate such things. Again, you will find that some of them can't really be contented in mind unless, as the old saying goes, each one of them has got a dozen strings to her beau, or got her beau on a dozen strings. One or the other. In this manner they manage to enjoy themselves. It's no wonder to me that there are so many stubborn old bachelors and foolish old maids in the world. The cause is apparent—just as plain as the nose on your face, Mr. Gossip. [We acknowledge the compliment (?) by making a sneeze.—Ed.] For my part, I take more enjoyment in hearing others talk—if they talk sense—than in talking myself. I would rather read anytime than talk, and I expect before a great while, (if John only keeps his mind,) to have the pleasure of reading to somebody every night, and of having that identical somebody read, in turn, to me. Won't that be fun, dear Gossip?

Yours humorously,

JENNY MAYFLOWER.

Yes, Jenny, that *will* be fun. Won't you send along some of the cake?—We'd like to have the fun of dreaming on it. Allow us, Jenny, to wish you joy in advance.....Although it has been said that law and poetry have no sympathy for each other, yet after all, some of our best poets have been,

and now are, lawyers. The fact is, if a man has the quintessence of rhyme within him, it will take more than all the law in and out of Christendom to destroy or keep it from gushing forth occasionally. We have been led into this train of thought by the following, which we consider a perfect little gem:

ODE TO SPRING.

WRITTEN IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Whereas, on sundry boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing;
And sundry flowers their heads upraise—
Hail to the coming on of Spring.

The songs of the said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As young and green as the said boughs,
As fresh and fair as the said flowers.

The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!
Love mid-t-firesaid boughs enshrine
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

Oh, best term of Cupid's Court!
When tender plaintiffs action bring!
Seasons of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

Isn't that forensically sweet?

And here allow us to present a favor from one "Doctor Jones," who seems to own a mind of the dissecting order. We don't know (although we do care) whether or no "Doctor Jones" has received a diploma—if he has we pity him—if not we pity him. Save us from the doctors! We never think of them without we imagine a dozen boxes of compound cathartic pills, and about twenty doses of ippekak flying at our head. We repeat—save us from the doctors. "Doctor Jones" sends us the following article on

HUMOR.

MR. GOSSIP:—It is something worthy of note that humor—good-nature—has cured more patients than all the pills, blisters, and blood-lettings that have been prescribed since the world began. Now, that may not seem *professionally* discreet and shrewd in me to say it, but it is truth, and therefore I am glad to say it. I find that the best pills are generally made of, say twelve grains of cheerfulness, twelve grains of patience and the same quantity of discretion. These pills are very cheap, and in nine cases out of ten, effect a cure. They may be made without the assistance of an apothecary, and are not offensive to the taste. Indeed, they are as sweet—aye, sweeter than honey, and never fail to produce the most beneficial results. If you, Mr. Gossip, or any of your readers, should ever get the h-s-lache or any other ache, I beg leave to suggest that you try these pills, and if you are not cured, then you will much astonish

DOCTOR JONES.

Depend upon it, Doctor, if we ever do get sick, we'll most assuredly take a dose of the pills you mention. Our readers better "stick a pin there," too. *Them pills is pills, you may bet high!*—We should be glad to hear from the Doctor again.

We have a number of communications which we shall endeavor to crowd into our next number of the Gossip.—Till then, friend gossips, good bye.

From the Leisure Hour.

We give the following lines from the facile and sparkling pen of A. Perry Sperry, formerly of Greensboro' N. C., but more recently of New York City. We have another effusion from the same gifted writer, which shall appear in our impression of the next week. We would be pleased to insert both pieces in this week's issue, and are only precluded from so doing, by the great press of the matter already on hand. We shall be truly gratified to hear from Mr. Sperry as often as he may find it in his heart to furnish a contribution to the column of the Leisure Hour.

To My Wife.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

Sweet angel art thou thinking now,
Of him who wanders far away;
Who breathes to thee, love's holy vow,
Upon our blissful wedding day;
And do thy bright eyes drop a tear,
Because he is not lingering near.

Oh, I am fondly longing now,
To clasp thy beautiful form again;
To feel thy warm kiss on my brow,
And hear thy red lips' happy strain;
It would be worth all else to me,
To now, be lingering close to thee.

My darling wife, hope on and wait,
Soon will my footsteps homeward move;
Soon my sweet Dove shall see its mate,
And for his absence cease to mourn;
Speed on old time, O, swiftly glide,
And bear me to my happy bride,
Oxford, N. C., May 1st, 1858.

Honeymoon bliss sometimes turns out
To be mere moggash.

"MEET ME THERE."

Suggested on the Death of a Beloved Brother.

BY A LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL.

The sun had sunk behind the hill,
The night was bright and fair,
When tired nature had grown still,
He murmured "meet me there."

The hectic flush was on his cheek,
And vacant was his stare,
And as his voice grew low and weak,
He whispered "meet me there."

I knelt beside the bed of death—
I kissed his brow so fair,
When in a weak and feeble breath,
He murmured "meet me there."

As I gazed into his dying eye,
And parted back his hair,
He murmured with a trembling sigh,
"Oh, sister, meet me there."

Years, years have passed since by his side,
I raised to God a prayer,
To change my heart that when I died,
I then might meet him there.

Though other voices greet my ear,
And forms I see as fair,
His gentle voice still I hear,
Murmuring "meet me there."

His form, as plain I see it now,
And his pallid cheek so fair,
As when death touched his noble brow,
He murmured "meet me there."

His spirit's in the happy land,
He's free from pain and care,
And when I cross o'er Jordan's strand,
I then shall meet him there.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ISABELL SINCLAIR

OR

Lobe's Stratagem.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER I.

HERE are some coquettes by nature, and some by education, and then again there are some who seek to gain the title, yet make a miserable failure, and belong to the latter class, was Isabel Sinclair. At nineteen, she fitted, laughed, and played the unmerciful despot to perfection, yet those who knew her were perfectly aware it was all assumed. Her lovers—and they were legion—could not understand her, and like the poor silly moth, they were drawn to that blaze which consumed them.

It was upon a beautiful evening in summer that Isabel, and her lover wandered forth to behold the sweet beauties of nature. The young man, upon whose arm she leaned, was very handsome, with a fine, dreamy eye, and followed the profession of an artist. He was engaged in breathing in her ear those ancient tales of chivalry which love so delights to hear, and he dwelt so passionately upon the devotion of a true lover, that she cast her eyes down, while a blush overspread her face. While thus engaged in conversation, they had reached the verge of a large cliff, and with her heart beating with some strange and undefined emotion, she approached to its very edge, and said hurriedly:

"Mr. Swann, all this is very fine—the scenery I mean—as well as your eloquence. But then those Knights were very foolish—just to think that they would risk their lives for such a useless thing as a lady's smile. Now, come here, Mr. Knight errant, and cast your eyes down this cliff, and you will see a few flowers growing almost out of the very rocks. Now if these were the olden times and you some poor Knight, how readily would you risk your neck to seize those flowers for your lady lover but I am glad that our lovers have more sense."

She spoke quickly and nervously, and as she saw him gaze down the awful precipice, she would have given the world to have been able to unsay her words. But it was too late!

"Were such indeed the case, it would be a pleasure for me to earn a boon, and as I would place the flowers in your hand, for you to place yours in mine."

She felt all of her self-possession vanishing, and half unconsciously she muttered:

"And I would keep them forever."—Then she shuddered, and said: "Come, let us cease this romantic talk and return home."

Late that night Swann left the house of Mr. Sinclair in a perfect state of suspense. He plainly saw that much of her coquetry was affected, but there was still enough to cause him serious uneasiness. Several times had he endeavored to draw from her an answer to his ardent and undisguised avowals, yet hitherto she had avoided the subject with all of the tact of woman. But now she had almost challenged him for a proof of his love, and he was resolved to appear before her on to-morrow, with a claim she could not refuse. He determined to obtain the flowers that very night.

In spite of the romance attached to the attempt, it required the aid of rather unromantic means, in the shape of an iron bar and a coil of rope. These he procured, and then by their assistance, pro-

ceeded to descend the cliff. The bar was firmly driven in the earth, and the rope, with knots every few feet, fastened to it securely. With a strong grasp he then commenced his descent.

About half way down, he stopped to rest a moment upon a crag that pushed itself boldly out from the almost perpendicular side of the precipice. Descending still further, he found that the rope, resting upon the edge of this rock just above, suspended him some dozen feet out from the main wall; but when he had swung just opposite to the flowers, a few violent springs enabled him to gain a firm foothold. The prize was now in his grasp, but in his eagerness, he let go the rope, and it swung far, far out of his reach. However, there was nothing so very dangerous in his situation. He knew that a bold leap from the rope would save him, and at the worst the waters only rolled some twenty feet below. Carefully securing the flowers in his bosom, he watched the swinging of the rope, and at the critical moment, sprang nimbly out in the air, but his full weight cast so suddenly on it, tore it from the bar, and down he dropped in the waters beneath, but being a good swimmer he soon reached the land. Once on shore, he hurried to his hotel, and like a true lover, he first dried the flowers, arranged them into a graceful wreath, and then very sensibly changed his wet clothes. But the effect of his folly showed itself, and the next morning, he awoke in a high fever.

Isabel Sinclair was sitting alone, with blushing cheeks, and a soft smile beaming from her half closed eyes. There was nothing around her to cause this silent expression of pleasure; she was only receiving delight from the thickening emotions that rose up from her heart—tremulous in first love. At that moment, she did not think of his feelings, for of them she had no doubts, but she trembled at the thought of her own deep passion. She feared that Swann did not see through her coquetry—that it was only assumed to hide her real feelings. Suddenly his step was heard—and oh—the mysterious working of woman's heart—ashamed to be detected while her face was yet transparent of feeling, timid and fluttering, she raised her eyes desperately with a confused consciousness that she was about to finish her role of the coquette. In her blindness she fancied that otherwise that her heart would be unavoidably revealed, and she shrank from an exposure of its depths—most of all to him. She was not yet sufficiently accomplished in her game, and always bungled sadly. Never more so than now.

Swann entered the room with staggering steps and flushed face, wherein fever plainly burned, but Isabel fancied it to be but a lover's trepidation. Had she not loved, it would have made her more cool, collected, and unsparring in her coquetry, but as it was, she trembled with him, and fully shared his agitation. And she hardly knew whether she was right or wrong, as he hurriedly placed a wreath of flowers in her hand, saying in husky tones:

"Here Isabel—now, your hand."

"Ah—oh! yes, these are the pretty flowers I admired so much yesterday.—You are very kind, and of course expect some reward. But my hand is too useful a member to be parted with—will not this glove answer?"

Isabel knew all this was cruel and silly, but for her life she could not help it, and as her lover received the glove, the color fled from his cheeks and lips—his frame shivered, as he bowed stiffly, and staggering, he left the room.

"Gone! My God! was he in reality gone? Isabel sprang to the window, and as she saw his faltering steps and remembered the wild, feverish expression of his face, the truth broke in upon her, and she wept. The wreath was cast violently on the floor, and trodden on by her feet, but then she remembered it was his gift, so raising it, she kissed it fondly, and pressed it to her bosom.

Soon came the news that he was very ill, and poor Isabel, wept that she could not be by his side. At last the news came that he was slowly recovering, and she again wept, but now for joy that she could see him and explain all. She felt no hesitation in exposing her own foolish weakness, for had he not suffered by it. But one day a close carriage whirled by the house, and she heard that her lover had departed.

One week later, Mr. Sinclair read aloud from a morning paper the following:

"In the list of passengers for the last steamer, we notice the name of William Swann Esq., the talented Artist. We understand that Rome is the point of his destination."

Mr. Sinclair looked up and saw Isabel gliding unsteadily from the room—but he only sighed and said not a word.

CHAPTER II.

ONE year later found William Swann in his studio at Rome. From the first he felt no resentment at the seeming heartlessness that drove him from his native land. His noble heart only swelled with astonishment that such unworthiness could, and did

exist in a form so very lovely. Perhaps he thought less of it than at first, for time is a great healer. His whole attention was now turned to the cultivation of his favorite art.

One day, Mr. Sinclair, unexpectedly entered the room, and though the meeting was awkward, yet he inquired after the health of Miss Isabel as coolly as possible. His visitor did not appear at all at ease, and after fidgeting a while, entered into the object of his visit. It seemed that he had picked up a *protege* in the person of a Spanish boy, and wished the artist to take him, which Swann agreed to do.

Early in the next day came his visitors. The young boy delicately formed, and with bright eyes throwing an air of intelligence over his clear olive face, finely relieved by long jet tresses descending upon his shoulders, might perhaps in other circles have become the pet of some young lady. At first sight, Swann, involuntarily raised his hand as if to clear away something before his eyes, but on second thought kept his ideas to himself.

They had been together but a day or two, when a visitor entered the studio of the artist, to order a painting of a "mountain nymph." He made magnificent offers, and when he had retired, Swann commenced his work. Day after day he wrought with passionate skill upon the canvass, wholly absorbed in his labor, and hardly ever exchanging a look with the boy who was studying in a different part of the room. Thus were they busied. The artist upon his painting—the young boy in mentally delineating the other's features, when his visitor again appeared.

"It is unfinished," exclaimed Swann. "Unfinished," said the visitor—"it is matchless. Touch it not, one more like it, and this shall be doubled," and he placed a heavy purse in the artist's hands. Swann quietly returned it.

"I shall not part with it."
"Not part with it?"
"Impossible!"

They exchanged low bows, and the would be purchaser departed. Swann gazed one moment on the canvass, then turning round and seeing the boy, seized him by the wrist, and drew him forward full before the easel, and said:

"Here!—is there not something incomplete?"

For the first time the boy now saw the painting—it was the faithful portrait of Isabel Sinclair. A crimson dye strangely blushed through his dark complexion, as he gazed upon this living proof, that Swann's heart had breathed upon his imagination, and mingled the enchantment of memory with the creations of the soul. But the artist saw none of this, for his eyes were upon the picture. And then the pupil, with a powerful effort that sent the blood from his cheeks and lips, spoke very calmly, though his tones trembled somewhat in the earnestness of his words.

"Aye; the painting is perfect, but there is something wanting in the expression of the face. I see there, frankness and a generous nature—perhaps a soul—but the emotions of the heart have not arisen to grace that countenance. Yes, it is incomplete. Emotions—the teachings of the heart—and the heart itself is wanting. Believe me, there are lines and features in that face, which if rightly traced, betoken a better future."

The artist gazed with amazement on the boy, and his whole frame shook with emotion. A new thought took possession of him, and seizing his hat he hurriedly left the room, leaving his pupil with a blush on his cheeks and softly murmuring to himself:

"He suspects but does not know. Ah me! how rash I was. I wonder if he will love me the less for it. It can't be helped however—I will tell him all—but first to do away with my disguise."

A little tear removed the dark hue from her arch and tempting face, a shy twitch, and the moustache fell off, and Isabel Sinclair stood forth in all her matchless beauty. Those slender fingers seized the brush and skillfully traced a wreath of wild flowers, such as the artist drew, and faded from his bosom. One hand of the portrait clasped tightly a single glove, and the other seemed passionately buried in the flowers. And then with a glance of merry pride, and anxious fear Isabel withdrew.

The next morning, William Swann entered his studio with the resolve of solving the mystery which his young pupil had thrown around him. One glance at the portrait, and the truth was known to him. He hastened to Mr. Sinclair's hotel at once.

Isabel was sitting alone, and as one might who knew her lover was near.—He entered, and seating himself by her side, said softly:

"Dear Bell, may I repeat my words at our last parting—your hand?"

"Oh, forgive the past," she exclaimed, looking up with tearful energy, "and forget my folly, my madness. I knew not what I said—I was weak, foolish,—any thing but heartless and earnest."

"Ah, Bell, how I have suffered—but see, here is the glove you gave me and—"

"Here is the hand that should have accompanied it," she said frankly, and

the next moment they had sealed their love with a thousand burning kisses. Need we say more? We think not.

THE BLIND GIRL AND HER BROTHER.

BY MRS. E. C. LOONIS.

A beautiful sight it was—the little blind girl and her brother; she with her clinging helplessness and he with his devoted love. How tenderly he guided her, smoothing each pathway for her faltering feet, shielding her fragile form and pilowing her aching head. For her no sacrifice was too great, no self-denial too severe.

The widowed mother marked with joy this growing love. A voice from the spirit land seemed calling her away; she felt that ere long she must depart; then would Arthur and Amy be left alone in a selfish world, but with the prayer of faith she committed them both to God. There was a new-made grave. It was in a valley near a wood. Beds of violets grew on every side—anemones and lilies of the vale, mingled with blue bells and pale wild roses. Through the long grass a path had been worn by childish feet, and every day there came a pensive boy leading his blind sister. They sat upon the lowly mound and talked of heaven, then knelt and prayed that they might meet their mother there.

The summer passed away, and a great trial came. Arthur must leave his cherished one and earn elsewhere a livelihood and Amy, poor blind Amy where could she go save to the almshouse that refuge for the poor! O, the bitter parting! How they clung to each other and wept as if their hearts were breaking. The boy strove to comfort his sister. He was growing large and strong he said—he would toil night and day if need be, and some time in the future he would have a home of his own—a home for himself and Amy. So they parted. The long winter months came with storms of snow and sleet, and wild winds which wailed so dismally. Few and far between were Arthur's visits to his sister. Not that he would not gladly have braved the tempest and the drifting snow, but his will must now bend to another's—his feet must do another's bidding. How could the cold stern man whom he called master sympathize in his deep love for the helpless blind girl. Ah! he called it folly. So their interviews were few and brief.

Arthur thought his sister was growing very pale and thin. He could trace all the blue veins upon her forehead now, and the faint rose-tint which used to lie upon her cheek was gone. Her step was more faltering than ever, and her voice had a mournful sweetness like the sigh of an æolian harp. But Amy never complained, she was too delighted—too happy when her brother came, to think of naught but gladness. To hear him speak; to hold his hand within her own—indeed was rapture.

With a shudder the boy gazed upon the unsightly beings in that wretched abode—the old and decrepit whose life had been spent in sin and shame—the low and vulgar who were but little above the brute creation—alas! that his pure-hearted and beautiful sister should be forced to dwell with these. He gazed with loathing upon the squalor, filth and disorder, and mentally exclaimed. "Thank God, she cannot see!"

Weeks, months fled and Arthur came not. Every day the poor blind girl listened for his step and oh! how oft had disappointment been her lot. Now she wept and prayed wildly for his coming.

"Hush that everlasting crying, will you?" a rough voice exclaimed while a heavy hand grasped the shoulder of the delicate child "who, do you suppose wants to hear about your brother all the time? ain't you well off here and haven't you enough to eat and drink? you'd better be thankful for all your blessings and not sit snivelling there from morning till night, so hush, I say!"

"O, if he would only come once more—only once!" moaned poor Amy, striving vainly to stifle the choking sobs.

"I dare say, your brother is in too good business to leave for such a whining thing as you!" the taunting voice continued "or may be he's forgot you entirely."

A deep groan came from the heart of the blind girl and she fell senseless to the floor; there she lay still and pale—her hair falling in golden masses over her sweet face and her little hands clasped convulsively together.

"She will die," whispered the doctor, with a pitying look "poor lamb it will be better for her to go to the good shepherd above, a short life and a bitter one but God has rich treasures laid up in heaven for such as she."

It was midnight. The great silvery moon was looking down upon the beautiful earth. Rivulets were singing as they bounded through the flowery valleys. The soft night wind stole the perfume from the folded flowers and shook the dew-drops from the glittering spray. A boyish form emerged hastily from the shadow of a wood. His hat was in his hand, and the moonlight fell upon a lofty brow and a countenance care worn and

sad. With a flying step he traversed fields and meadows—bounding over hills and hurrying through the valleys. Only for a moment he paused beside a lowly forest grave, a moment and an agonizing prayer arose upon the still air, then onward again he flew until the gloomy walls of the almshouse were before him.

"Hush! she is dying!" Like a thunderbolt fell these words upon the ear of Arthur. Silently he entered the chamber of death. Amy had been unconscious for hours but scarcely had his foot step neared her bedside when she extended her arms with a quick glad motion and murmured "O, I knew he was coming—the angels told me so." Arthur knelt by the couch and kissed again and again the little pale hand of her he so dearly loved. "O, Amy," he sobbed "you must not die and leave your poor brother alone in the world."

"I am going to heaven" she murmured smiling sweetly "my mother calls me; I shall never be sick or lonely again, and, dear Arthur, you will come to us soon; only a little while, and we shall all be there together."

"Dear Amy, kiss me once more," he said, pillowing her head on his breast. Their lips met, then she faintly whispered:

"I love you, brother—I will love you forever."

Sinking exhausted upon her pillow the dying girl clasped her hands in the attitude of prayer. Suddenly a seraphic smile illuminated her beautiful face and in tones of rapture she exclaimed:

"I see! I see! I shall not be blind in heaven."

These words were her last, she looked upward and died.

There are three graves now in the forest vale. Over two the grass is tall and waving but the other is newly made.—Sweetly the widowed mother reposes, and near her side, the blind girl and her brother.

The Pleasures of Science.

LORD BROUGHAM.

To pass our time in the study of the sciences, has in all ages been reckoned one of the most dignified and happy of human occupations; and the name of philosopher, or lover of wisdom, is given to him who leads such a life. But it is by no means necessary that a man should do nothing else than study known truths, and explore new, in order to earn this high title. Some of the greatest philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life; and he who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge to the low gratification of the senses, richly deserve the name of a Philosopher.

It is easy to show that there is a positive gratification resulting from the study of the sciences. If it be a pleasure to gratify curiosity, to know what we are ignorant of, to have our feelings of wonder called forth, how pure a delight of this very kind does natural science hold out to its student! Recollect some of the extraordinary discoveries of mechanical philosophy. Observe the extraordinary truths which optical science discloses. Chemistry is not behind in its wonders; and yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view; the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies; their immense distances; their countless numbers; and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination.

Then, if we raise our view to the structure of the heavens, we are again gratified with tracing accurate, but most unexpected resemblances. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find that the power which keeps the earth in its shape, and in its path wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion; that the same power keeps the moon in her path round the earth; that the same power causes the tides upon our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself, and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, produces certain as well as pure gratification.

We are raised by science to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in all his works. Not a step can we take in any direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design; and the skill every where conspicuous is calculated, in so vast a proportion of instances, to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of ourselves, that we feel no hesitation in concluding, if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow, as it were our eyes, the marvelous works of the Great Architect of nature, and to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute, as well as in the mightiest parts of his system.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION
PHILADELPHIA

GREENSBORO MARKET, June 10th
 Reported expressly for the Times
 Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4½; Beechwood
 Butter 15; Coffee 14½, 16; Apples, 15
 @25, Adamantine 28@33, Candies, Tall
 Corn 80@90 Meal 80@90; Chickens
 15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40; Fl
 100@105; Flaxseed 10; Hides, green
 Dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15;
 Peas 40@50; Nails 6½; Oats 50; P
 Tallow 75@90, white 75@90; Pork 80
 1.50; Rags 24; Rice 80@90; Salt 2.25
 1.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 16½,
 and 16½, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; W
 100@1.00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, June 8th.	
Reported expressly for the Times.	
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.	
Fruit, Family	\$8 50
Extra	7 50
Superfine	7 00
Corn, Mixed W. 92 40	
Yellow	95 00
Wheat, White 160 80	
Red	104 50
Cotton	10 11 1/2
Peas, Black Eye 1 25	
do Black 85 00	
Lard, N.C. & Va. No. 1 12 1/2	
do do 2 12 1/2	
Fish, Mackerel 1 12 50	
do No 2 11 00	
do 3 10 00	
Flaxseed	1 00
Beans	25 00
Dried Apples, 9 bbl	
do 25 bbl	
do Peaches, 40 bbl	
do 25 bbl	
Bacon, W. Va. No. 1 8	
do Sides 10	
N. C. & Va. Hog	
round, 10	
Starks, R. O. hhd 28	
W. O. pipe.	
do 10	
do bbl.	

RICHMOND MARKET.—June 8th, 1856.	
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.	
Bacon, Shoulders, 9a9l	Corn, in demand 1a
Sides, 10la11	Cotton, 12
Hams, 12la13	Cotton Yarns, 23
Coffee, Rio, 12a123	Flour, 23
Java, 11	Guano, Peruvian, 58
Mocha, 18	Elide, 31
Molasses, Cuba, 78a30	Tobacco, Lugs, 31
Syrup, 30a33	Good, 6
N. O., 49a45	Leaf, 2
Wheat, White, 175a185	Good and fine, 9
Red, 2.50a160	

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
 ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
 at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
 105-41

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons indebted to the estate of Ash LUDNUM, deceased, that they must make payment on or before next November Court, as longer indulgence will not be given, as there are several claims against the estate. Some of the legatees of the will, also, want their money. All persons failing to comply with the above request will find their notes and account out for collection, without respect of persons, as I cannot make payment without money. I hope a variety of the will will be sufficient.

D. W. LUDNUM, Administrator.

Mar. 28th, 1859.

The following is a list of the latest that are issued:—

The Irish Attorney	That Blessed Baby
Boots at the Swan	Our Gal
How to pay the Rent	Swiss Cottage
The Loss of a Lover	Young Willow

The Death of a Lover	O'Flannigan and the
The Dead Shot	Faries
His Last Legs	Irish Post
The Invisible Prince	My Neighbor's Wife
The Golden Farmer	Irish Tiger
Pride of the Market	P. P. or Man & Tiger
Use Up	To Oblige Benson
The Irish Tutor	State Secrets
The Barrack Room	Irish Yankee
Luke the Laborer	A Good Fellow
Beauty and the Beast	Cherry & Fair Star
St. Patrick's Eve	Gale Breezely
The Captain of the Watch	

White Secret	Our Jenny
White Horse of the Peppers	Miller's Maid
The Jacobite	Awkward Arrival
The Bottle	Crossing the Line
Box and Cox	Conjugal Lesson
Bambozling	My Wife's Mirror
Widow's Victim	Up in New York
Robert Macaire	Middle Ashore
Secret Service	Crown Prince
Omnibuses	Two Queens
Irish Lion	Thumping Legacy
Maid of Croissy	Unfinished Gentleman
The Old Guard	House Dog
Raising the Wind	The Demon Lover
Slasher and Crasher	Matrimony
Naval Engagements	In and out of Place
Cookies in California	I Dine with My Mother
Who Speaks First	Hiawatha
Bambos Furiioso	Audy Bl' ke
Macbeth Travestie	Love in '73
Irish Ambassador	Romance under Difficulties
Delicate Ground	One Coat for 2 Suits
Weathercock	A Decided Case
All that Glitters is not Gold	Daughter

Thimshaw, Bagshaw &	Coroners Inquisition
Bradshaw	Love in Humble Life
Rough Diamond	Family Rays
Alouster Costume	Persuasion
Two Bony castles	Children in the Wood
Born to Good Luck	Winning a Husband
Kiss in the Dark	Day after the Fair
Twoold Puzzle a Con- juror	Make Your Wills
Kill or Cure	Rendezvous
Box & Cox Married &	My Wife's Husband
Settled	Monsieur Thomson
St. Cupid	Illustrious Stranger
Go to Bel Tom	Mischief-Making
The Lawyers	A Live Woman in the Mines
Jack Sheppard	The Corsair
The Toodles	Shylock
The Mobcap	Spoiled Child
Ladies Beware	Evil Eye
Morning Call	Nothing to Nurse

Deaf as a Post	Wanted—A Widow
Footman	Lottery Ticket
Neighbour	Verbal Frolic
Plays the Piper	Is he Jealous
Brian O'Leary	Married Bachelor
Irish Assurance	Husband at Sight
Temptation	Irishman in London
Paddy Carey	Animal Magnetism
Two Gregories	Highway & Byways
King Charming	Columbus
Peacemakers	Harlequin Blue Beard
Clockmaker's Hat	Ladies at Home
Married Rake	A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock
Love and Murder	Comedy and Tragedy
relayed and America	Opposite Neighbors
Pretty Piece of Business	Dutchman's Ghost
Broom	Persecuted Dutchman
Irish Room-Maker	Musard Ball
To Paris and Back	Gr. Tragic Revival

All these plays contain the most approved stage directions for exits, entrances, relative positions of the performers on the stage—in fact, the whole of the stage business. Also, descriptions of costume to be worn by the actors. Send cash to

SAMUEL FRENCH, Publisher,

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE OFFICE—*May, 1859.*

DEAR SIR:—Having been honored by our respective Societies with the Editorship of the N. C. University Magazine, we feel it our duty to make the Magazine worthy of the Institution whose organ it is. To do this, we are forced to ask the countenance and patronage of others. To whom can we look for support, with more propriety, than to our personal friends and the friends of the University?

The Magazine will be published about the first of each month (except January and July) in the style of "Russell's," on good book paper; each number, besides a *biography* of some distinguished Carolinian, will contain 64 pages or more, making a neat volume of at least 640 pages.

Terms—\$2 per annum *in advance*. Six copies for \$10.

It will be our constant effort to publish a periodical adapted to the literary wants of Carolinians, since ours is the only purely literary monthly published in the State.

To accomplish our purpose we are pleased to announce that we have the promise of contributions from the pens of Hon. Wm. H. Battle, Hon. W. A. Graham, Hon. John H. Bryan, Hon. D. L. Swain, Rev. Francis L. Hawks, E. B. Creedy, Esq., R. P. Dick, Esq., Prof. John Kimberly, (as our European correspondent,) and other able writers in this and other States. We also have reason to expect valuable aid from the fifteen mature scholars who compose the University Faculty.

As a stimulus to youthful emulation, a number of our pages will be devoted to the productions of our fellow-students; thus we hope to elevate the standard of literature in our midst.

With our first (the August number,) will begin a series of biographies of the N. C. Supreme Court Judges.

The Editorials, besides a record of College affairs, will contain an account of the doings of the Literary N. C.; notices of new books; announcements

The students, unwilling to see the organ of our State University inferior to those of other Universities, will support us with great unanimity, but we can achieve success only when the distinguished men and the liberal people of North Carolina shall give us their countenance. From you, as a friend either to us or the University, we shall be grateful for patronage. We have the honor to be, dear sir, yours respectfully,

G. P. BRYAN, } *Of the*
W. T. NICHOLSON, } *Philanthropic*
G. L. WILSON, } *Society.*
W. J. HEADEN, } *Of the*
Y. H. VAUGHAN, } *Dialectic*
S. P. WEIR, } *Society.*

Papers friendly to the Institution will please
publish and notice.

CALEB G. DUNN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
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Will promptly and faithfully attend to
business entrusted to his care. Particular at-
tention paid to the collections of claims.

WE have just printed on a very good article of Paul's Cap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of:

Warrants,	Ca Na Bonds,	Admirals,
Writs,	Examinations,	Lead Invoices,
Deeds of Trust,	Witness Tickets,	Jury Tickets,
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Or, for Depositions, Writs and Land.		

We will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by express or by freight.

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Cash paid for Hides at

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W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-17

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NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW
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Will attend to any business entrusted

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
having permanently located in Greensboro,
N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Dar-
lington, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the
collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-ly.

D. W. ELLIOTT,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Painter,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

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PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE
 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs,
 Working Drawings, Specifications and Super-
 intendence for Churches, Public and Private
 Buildings &c., &c.
 He respectfully refers to those by whom
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New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh
University Building Committee, Chapel Hill
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aswell County.

R. S. TUCKER,	}	Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN,		do
W. C. HARRISON,		do
W. S. BATTLE Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecom county, and others.		

All Letters on Business addressed Box 1
Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 1851

HOWLAND & BROTHERS,
Commission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
are prepared to receive and dispose of
antagonously, any quantity of flour from
Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighbor-
ing counties. Many years experience with
activity and ability enables us to guarantee
satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We
hold on, and refer to among others:—H.
Archer, W. J. Bingham, Orange; P. A.
Wain, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J.
Langhton, Chatham; White & Cameron,
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Sole authorized agents for the *Finest*, to
be had by subscription, etc. 61y

Good Times Come at Last
THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND
MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY-
MADE SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTH-
ING has been received by the undersigned.
The stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &
Waists made in the latest style and in a superior
manner to any that have ever been shown
in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts,
Suits, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols,
Saddles, Harnesses, Umbrellas and Carriage
Furniture, in fact everything that is necessary in
men's large furnishing Store.
These goods were bought and will be sold
at prices defying competition.
Come and give us a call and you will not
have dissatisfied.
S. ARCHER & CO.
Spring, 1859.
Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer &
Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make

From Europe.

GENERAL BATTLE COMMENCED.

CAPE RACE, June 4.—The steamer City of Washington, from Liverpool May 25, passed Cape Race to-day, and was boarded by the news-boat of the Associated Press. Her advices are of the highest importance.

A battle was fought on the 21st of May, near Montebello. It is stated that the Austrians, fifteen thousand strong, attacked the position of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, and, after four hours' furious combat were repulsed, with a very heavy loss in killed and two hundred prisoners.

The allies carried the city of Montebello; but did not pursue the Austrians any further.

The French loss is reported to have been seven hundred killed. The actual number of the French engaged in the battle is not known, but is estimated at between six and seven thousand, besides a regiment of Sardinian cavalry.

The allies lost many officers and one Austrian colonel was among the captured. The Austrians account of the battle, however, differs widely from the foregoing.

The Sardinian war bulletin announces that the extreme left of the Sardinian army, under Gen. Balduino, had forced a passage over the River Sesia, putting the Austrians to flight.

THE LOCUSTS.—Mr. H. D. Whitcomb, chief engineer of the Central Railroad, informs us that the western slope of the Blue Ridge is now covered with millions of locusts. They appeared first near the top of the mountain about two weeks ago, and seem to be moving in a westerly direction. It will be recollected that Dr. Smith, of Baltimore, predicted the appearance of these insects in the valley during this month. None have yet been seen in the vicinity of Staunton.—*Staunton Va. Spectator.*

CROPS IN THE WEST.—We present this morning, says the Chicago Tribune of a recent date, a large number of letters from different portions of the West, giving a most cheering account of the prospects of the growing crop. A glance at the map will show those who are not acquainted with the geography of the West that they refer to a wide extent of country, all lying north of the latitude of St. Louis. Our advices from southern Illinois are equally encouraging. In a week or two the harvest will have fully commenced there, and we hope soon to announce that the crop is safely gathered. One of the editors of the Press and Tribune visited Madison, Wisconsin, last week, and all along the line of the St. Paul and Fond du Lac, and Milwaukee and Mississippi roads the wheat looked finely. Most of it was Spring, of which a wide breadth has been sown in this section. Preparations for corn also appeared to be very extensive. Accounts from Wisconsin agree that the crop were never better for an abundant crop.

AN UNEQUAL CONTEST.—An amusing incident occurred yesterday morning while Van Amburgh's menagerie was crossing the Appomattox, a short distance above the Pocahontas bridge, strikingly illustrative of the fact that the bull-dog is the most courageous of all animals, and will attack any animal regardless of size. As the elephant entered the water, with his usual slow and cautious step, some individual in the crowd, prompted by a spirit of mischief, hid on a large bull-dog to attack the huge animal. The dog instantly obeyed, and plunged into the water, seized hold of one of the hind legs of the elephant, on which the latter only switched him with his tail as he would brush off a fly, but not ridding himself of his assailant by such gentle means, and feeling sharp teeth at work upon his leg, he suddenly threw his snout around, and seizing the dog, held him under the water till he was nearly drowned; then, raising him high in the air, threw him at least a hundred feet out into the stream. Fully satisfied with the punishment he had received, the dog made his way to shore and beat a hasty retreat.—*Petersburg Express.*

A VALUABLE RELIC.—ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.—We were shown yesterday what purported to be an original portrait of Shakespeare, which was taken from life on the 2d day of October, 1608. It was purchased thirty years ago at Stratford de-Avon, England, by Robert Edmeston, father of Wm. Prescott Edmeston, of this city. It is in a good state of preservation, and bears a strong resemblance to the general portraits found in copies of his works, and which are generally associated with his illustrious name. If genuine—as was believed by the person who purchased it in Avon—it is indeed a most valuable antiquarian relic, and has a history which every reader of Shakespeare would like to trace. The portrait is taken in crayon. Shakespeare appears in it a smaller man than he is usually represented.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

TERRIBLE TORNADO.—One of the most fearful and destructive tornadoes within the memory of the oldest inhabitants passed over and near the town of Jacksonville, Morgan county, Illinois, on Thursday the 26th ult.

For the distance of twelve miles it swept with dreadful fury over field, prairie and hamlet, carrying away houses, men, women, horses, cattle, &c., and leveling everything in its course with the ground.

The damage to property and loss of life is immense, but cannot yet be estimated. It is only known as yet that thirty-six dwellings have been destroyed, sixteen persons killed and seventy wounded. And it is feared most of the latter must die.

The whole country is laid desolate and in mourning.

The meteorological phenomena of the storm were very curious. Among other things, it is said that it seemed to proceed from a very bright cloud which swept with fearful rapidity over its track, while on either side it was so dark as to be impossible to distinguish objects at the shortest distance.

"You exhibit a great deal of vanity, madam, in always telling what others think of you." "It would certainly be no vanity in you, sir, to tell what the world thinks of you."

A CASE OF CONSUMPTION

CURED.—The following from a highly respectable gentleman speaks for itself:

KEYPORT, N. J., May 20, 1853.

S. W. FOWLE & Co., Gentlemen.—This certifies that I was for many years afflicted with a disease of the lungs until I became so weak that it was with difficulty I could walk. My cough during this time was very severe, causing me frequently to raise great quantities of blood, attended with profuse night sweats.

After using various remedies to no purpose I was advised to try *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*. I did so, and before using the first bottle I was entirely restored to perfect health and strength.

I would also mention that this Balsam cured a little girl of mine of a severe attack of Whooping Cough, when her life was given over by the physician, and all other remedies had failed. (Signed.) JOSHUA HOFF.

None genuine unless signed "I. BUTTS" on the outer wrapper.

For Sale By PORTER & GORRELL.

\$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.

THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.

Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd, 1859.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!

I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER

Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2 inch 3 ply	12 1/2	cts. per foot.
2 1/2 " "	15 " "	" "
3 " "	17 " "	" "
4 " "	22 " "	" "
5 " "	27 " "	" "
6 " "	32 " "	" "
7 " "	38 " "	" "
8 " "	42 " "	" "
10 " "	60 " "	" "
12 " "	72 " "	" "

J. B. F. BOONE.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!

WANTED BY THE FOREST

MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

One Million Five Hundred Thousand

Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS.

For particulars address,

Dr. W. S. MILLER, Sup't.,

Forestville, Wake county, N. C.

March, 1859. 12-6m.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies,

Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer,

and Cider Royal of warranted qualities, whole-

sale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin &

McLean, by W. S. CLARK.

Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

FOR SALE BY FISHER & FORD,

Grocers and Commission Merchants,

NEWBERN, N. C.

9000 lbs N. C. Bacon,

35 bbls N. Y. Mess Pork,

10 tons Peruvian Guano,

5 do Phosphate Peruvian Guano,

5 do California Guano,

100 bbls No. 1 Land Plaster,

100 do Hyd. Cement,

500 Sacks G. A. Salt,

300 bbls Alexandria Lime,

2000 Flour Bags,

2000 Grain Bags,

75 bbls N. O. and Muscov. Molasses,

25 bbls N. O. Molasses—very prime.

65 bbls Refined N. O. and W. I. Sugar,

65 Bags Java, Rio, Mar. and Laguyra

Coffee.

25 bbls Ocean Mess Shad,

20 do do Blue Fish,

40 do N. C. Gross and Roe Herring,

No. 1 Mackerel and Salmon in bbls,

4 bbls, 4 bbls and 4 bbls,

Soda, Sugar, and Butter Crackers at

20-2m Bakers' cash prices.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
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Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4-1y]

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH.
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-
stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot,
Greensboro, N. C.
Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110-1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F.
JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms. His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.

January 1st.-1y.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 107th Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.

R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garret's brick building West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 29-1y.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Porter & Gorrell, Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call. Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.

Special attention will be given to orders.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE.—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA. FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M. Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones, } Assistants in Lit-

Miss Bettie Carter, } erary Department

Miss E. R. Morris, }

Miss A. M. Hagen, }

Miss L. C. Van Vleet, }

Miss M. A. Howlett, }

Miss Pattie Cole, }

Rev. J. Bethel, } Boarding Department.

Mrs. J. Bethel, }

Miss M. Jeffreys, }

S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra)

\$50; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1;

French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Paint-

ing, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music

on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21;

Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

Patrons arriving in Greensboro' would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.

For further information apply to the President. (11-1y)

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WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR

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Our entire stock being new and of the latest

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Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the

Cash Market Price. Examine our stock be-

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60 Henry Cobb, G W Wharton, A Mikel.</

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. E. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

"HARD TO BE GOOD."

Dear Children.—I hope all of you are trying to be good children. To encourage you to persevere, I will give you an interesting story, today which I found in the N. Y. Observer, about little Tommy Wilson, the boy who thought it was

HARD TO BE GOOD.

Tommy Wilson came home one day with tears in his eyes; he ran and laid down his head in his mother's lap and sobbed aloud. She pushed the curls back from his forehead, kissed him, and said: "What is the matter my son?"

"O ma," he answered, "it's so hard to be good."

"What makes you think so, Tommy?" "Why you know, mamma, yesterday was Sabbath, and you talked to me in the evening about having a new heart, and you told me that I must pray to God, and he would give me one, and that then I would love every body, and always feel happy, and not be afraid to die. And I thought that I would like to have such a heart; and I prayed when I went to bed, and kept thinking about it until I fell asleep, and as soon as I awoke in the morning, I remembered about it, and prayed again; and it seemed to me as if I had a new heart—I felt as happy; and when I went to school I tried to be kind to all the boys, and learn my lessons well, and to be good. But this noon George Johnson snatched my ball, and I got angry and called him a thief. And when we were playing, Charley Smith struck me, and before I thought, I struck him back again. And coming home this afternoon, James Lewis called me a coward, and I called him a liar. And so, ma, I kept forgetting and doing wrong, and no matter how hard I try I can't be good. It is so easy to get angry, and bad words come out so quick. What's the reason, ma, that we can't be good when we want to be?"

Mrs. Wilson thought a minute, and then said: "Do you remember, Tommy, riding down hill on your sled last winter?"

"Oh yes, mamma, the hill was covered with snow, and it was beat down until it was almost as smooth as ice; and we went down so fast that it almost took away my breath!"

"Well, my son, but did you go up as fast?"

"O no, ma! It was slow, hard work getting up. We would slip at almost every step, and we couldn't get up at all in the place where we slid down, but had to go around the other side; where the snow was not worn as smooth and slippery!"

"Then it was easier to go down than to go up, was it?"

"O yes; it's always so with hills." "And the oftener you went down on your sled, the smoother the snow got, and the faster you could go?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, Tommy, when God made Adam and Eve, and put them in the garden, it was as easy for them to do right as to do wrong. It was like walking on level ground; they could go one way as well as the other. But they chose to do wrong, and ever since then the world has been like the side of a mountain. It is up hill toward heaven, and it's down hill toward hell. And then by doing wrong, we make the downhill more slippery all the time. Our evil habits are like your sleds; they smooth the way, so that we go faster and faster. It's hard work even to stop doing wrong, just as hard as for you to stop your sled when half way down, and going like a race-horse. And it is still harder to go up. We are all the time slipping back. We find our old habits tripping us up at every step!"

"Then, ma, we might as well give up trying," said Tommy, in a sad and bitter tone.

"Did my little boy say so last winter, when he was climbing up hill to ride down on his sled? He slipped a great many times, and once or twice fell quite down in the snow; but he scrambled up again and kept on trying, because he wanted to have the pleasure of riding down so swiftly over the smooth snow. Will Tommy care more for a few minutes' sport than for being good and going to heaven?"

Tommy felt ashamed of what he had said. He laid his head in his mother's lap, and what his thoughts were I cannot tell. But after awhile he looked up, as earnest as a hero and said:

"Ma, I've been a foolish boy. I thought I could be good right off, and with hardly any trouble. But I see now that it is not so, and I mean to try with all my might; and I know, ma, that I shall be happier even while I am trying; and God will help me, won't he, ma?"

"Yes my son, if you are humble and do not think that you can be good of yourself without his help. You have learned to-day how weak your own strength is. You must ask of God that he will give you a new heart to love him, and to love that which is right; and I hope that you will pray every day, and often every day, for God to watch over you, and keep you from falling, and raise you up when you fall; and that you will watch yourself, my dear boy, and try to overcome all your wicked habits, and remember what a down-hill slippery world this is, and that we must expect hard work in getting through it to heaven; but that heaven will be worth all the efforts of a thousand such lives as this!"

And Tommy followed his mother's advice, and he is now a good man. He says he often remembers that Monday, when he thought it was so hard to be good, and the hill and the snow, and the sled; and he hopes that story will lead some little boy who reads it to quit slipping down and try to climb up, and persevere and pray to God.

THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thoughts in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June.

The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the West.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold.

'Twas born in a moment, yet quick as its birth,
It was stretched to the uttermost part of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like the mind's softest murmur it rose and it fell,
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore.

No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And I bent my young head in devotion and love
Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air—
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there—

Thus forming a circle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul.
Like the wings of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.

And thus when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by:
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;

Yet oh! when death's shadows my bosom enclose—
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud—
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold!

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is at hand in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly, and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the merchant, the farmer, and the housekeeper.

From the American Farmer:
Work for the Month.

CORN.—This crop requires the special care of the cultivator during the month of June. As soon as the "stand" is secure from the worm and bird, thin to two or three plants to the hill, according to the strength of your land. As we have repeatedly urged before, let the working of the crop be done early. This Magazine would be worth fifty times the year's subscription to every cultivator of thirty acres of corn, for this piece of advice alone that after planting at proper distance on ground properly prepared and manured, the crop be quickly worked and early let alone. There is more loss to the crop by working after harvest than by all other disasters together. Think of a man working and spending all proper means to get a beautiful, luxuriant growth, and then, at the very time when it is most in need of ample supplies of nutriment, and when a thousand mouths are seeking it from every source, a murderous implement is put in to tear up and destroy these channels of supply. "Surely, an enemy bath done this!"

In working corn, bear in mind the object you have in view, viz: to destroy the young grass and keep the surface loose. For the purposes shallow cultivation is sufficient, and the ordinary corn cultivator the proper implement. Should the grass, at any time, get the start of you, the mould board will be necessary to subdue it.

Tobacco.—This is the great month of the tobacco crop. To have it well set during the month of June, the battle is more than half won. All the ground must now have at once its second ploughing, if not already done, and be put in thorough order. It will be laid off and crossed at a distance of 2½ to 3 feet each way, and as many hills prepared as your beds will be capable of planting the next season. It is not well to have the hills made too early.

MANURES.—If the manure is not already applied, or on hand, the most readily supplied, and perhaps the best, is the manipulated guano. Sow three to four hundred lbs. to the acre, broadcast, after the ground is put in order and ready for laying off and crossing.

PLANTING.—Plant at first only such plants as are of full size. You will gain no advantage in time by planting small ones; and a close drawing of the beds is injurious to them. Young planters are apt to make a mistake on this point, in their desire to make sure of the "season." Let them remember the very great advantage of having well grown plants, in the certainty of getting a stand, in the rapidity with which the crop gets out of the reach of the ground-worm and the grass, and in the important point of a quick, uncheeked growth, as it effects the quality of the crop. A judicious planter will draw for his first planting with strict reference to the preservation of his beds—a matter of the utmost importance. His object will be rather to relieve the beds of the comparatively few large plants, than to gratify his ambition to make a large planting by drawing a great many small plants to the serious injury of the beds. A bed drawn with judgment at first will improve very rapidly, and in ten days afford a large drawing of good plants.

As regards planting, we will repeat here some suggestions we made two years ago, for the benefit of our new readers. The plants must be carefully set in the ground in the hurry of planting, careless hands will frequently bend up the tap root, and a plant so put in the ground, will live sometimes ten days or more, and finally die. The ground should be opened with two or more fingers, the root inserted, and the earth pressed firmly back, to the full depth of the hole made. Rapid planters will put the plant in a hole made with a single finger at the risk of doubling up the root, and merely press up the earth with the thumb at the surface of the ground leaving the hole unfilled beneath, to the certain destruction of the plant, if the weather comes hot and dry. The work of planting is always one of excitement and hurry. Quick hands are ambitious to show how much work they can do, and the slower, to keep pace with them. The tendency on the part of all, is rather to do much than to do it well. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that the master or manager give his closest attention to the manner in which the work is done. He need not take it for granted that the fastest planters do their work most imperfectly, for this is by no means the case; but let him give his most vigilant attention to see that every one, whether slow or fast, does his work well. The "stand" depends much more on the manner of planting than on the weather after planting.

Salad for the Solitary.

With a brush-wood, a straight-stemmed, the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest fuel; and both meeting make the best fire.

Ans. to Puzzle of last week—A printer's "PI."

—One evenin', as I was settin' by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the sticking pint, sez I, "Hetty, if a feller could ask you to marry him, what would you say?" Then she laughed, and sez she, "That would depend on who asked me." Then sez I, "Suppose it was Ned Willis?" Sez she, "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you." That kinder staggered me.—But I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I agen, "Suppose it was me?" And then you ought to have seen her put up her lip, and sez she, "I don't take no supposes." Well now, you see there was nothin' for me to do but touch the gun off. So bang it went. Sez I, "Lor Hetty, it's me. Won't you say yes?" And there was such a hullabaloo in my head, I don't know 'exactly what took place, but I thought I heered a yes whispering somewhere out of the skirmish.

The Taunton Republican gives the following refreshing story, which we commend to the attention of those in the habit of "tipping the mug." A few days since (says that paper), a man went into one of the beer-shops in town, and called for half pint of ale. The ale was brought to him in a common pint measure; he drank a little, and thinking it tasted rather queerly, asked the storekeeper if anything was the matter with his beer. The answer was that it was first-rate beer, just bought in Boston. This satisfied the customer, and he swallowed the remainder of the beer. When he got through, seeing something in the bottom of the measure, he asked what it was; "I declare," said the shopkeeper, "I forgot to take out the soap the last time I shaved!"

A romantic father, whose name was Rose, named his daughter "Wild," so that she grew up under the appellation of "Wild Rose." But the romance of the name was sadly spoiled in a few years, for she married a man by the name of "Bull."

"I like," said a girl to her suitor, "but I cannot leave home—I am a widow's only darling. No husband can equal my parent in kindness." "She is kind," replied the wooer; "but be my wife; we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

"What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" said a young lady, to a gentleman with whom she had broken an engagement. "He thinks, miss, of a woman's promise."

The fashionables of Cincinnati, of the "masculine persuasion," have adopted the latest style of cravats—a shoestring tied in a bow knot, with the ends dangling on shirt bosom.

The gentleman who kissed the lady's snowy brow, caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

A French magistrate noted for his love of the pleasures of the table, speaking one day to a friend said: "We have just been eating a superb turkey; it was excellent, stuffed with truffles to the neck, tender delicate, and of high flavor. We left only the bones." "How many of you were there?" said his friend. "Two," replied the magistrate, "the turkey and myself."

A loafer took a fish in the market house, and slipped it under his vest. The tail hanging down so as to be seen, the first man he met suggested to him that he should either wear a longer jacket, or steal a shorter fish.

Three little girls fell into a reservoir at Webster, Mass., on Tuesday last, and on being rescued one of them said, very naively, that the first thing she thought of was her new hoop skirt, which she was wearing for the first time.

Kissing a pretty girl "down South," a young gentleman asked her "what made her so sweet?" "Oh," she replied, in utter innocence, "my father is a sugar planter."

A prisoner in the dock, upon one occasion, was observed to be in tears.

"Why do you weep?" inquired the Judge.

"Ah! my lord, it was not till I heard my counsel's defence, that I knew how innocent I was."

"Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?"

"Me no smell your fish, massa."

"What are you doing, then, sir?"

"Why, me talk to him, massa."

"What did you say to the fish, eh?"

"Why, me ask him what news at sea; dat's all, massa."

"And what does he say to you?"

"He says he don't know, he no been dare dese tree weeks."

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of DRY GOODS, 46
Pav' Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
Wm. Graydon,
Nov., '58.

BOOK-BINDER,
At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)

RALEIGH, N. C.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
January 1—1f.

DICKENSON & COLE,
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SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
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Special attention paid to forwarding Manufacture Tobacco and Goods.

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of Petersburg, of Halifax,
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

FLAND & KIRKPATRICK,
Having opened a GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING STORE, will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentlemen's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and work of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious. They also have the agency for the sale of Bartholomew's Sewing Machines, one of the best now in use, in fact it is superceding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia; March, 1859. 13—1y.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.
J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES low for CASH. He is also making all kinds of LADIES' SHOES as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of SHOES and BOOTS constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6—1y

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CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (near North Carolina Railroad), Greensboro, N. C.

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.

Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.

Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge. 127—1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL
Purchasing & Commission Merchant, and dealer in

Pianos, Meodons, Pumps, Safes, Sewing Machines, &c.

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All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

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August, 1st, 1858. 134—1f.

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R. C. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

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HIDES! HIDES!! Cash paid for hides at BOONE'S Boot and Shoe Store.